VOL. CCXXI, No. 2882
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MAY 7, 1955

The SPHERE

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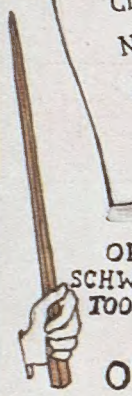
SCHWEPPSAS

TERRITORY OF SCHWEPPSYLVANIA

JUST AS TEXAS IS THE MOST MORE-SO STATE OF THE UNITED STATES, SO IS SCHWEPPSAS IN SCHWEPPSYLVANIA EVEN MORE MORE-SO. THE TREMENDOUSLY RICH ARE RICHER, AND SO, OF COURSE, ARE THE TREMENDOUSLY POOR. THE DISTANCES ARE MORE DISTANT, THE VAST VASTER, AND WRIST-WATCHES ARE THE SIZE OF GRANDFATHER CLOCKS. EVEN THE MOON IS BIGGER, THOUGH OF COURSE NOT ACTUALLY SO, BUT DUE TO A TRICK OF THE SCHWEPPSAN ATMOSPHERE, WHICH ITSELF IS THE MOST MORE-SO THING THERE.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

NORMAL SCHWEPPSAS BACK-GARDEN
LESS THAN FIVE MILES TO BACK GATE

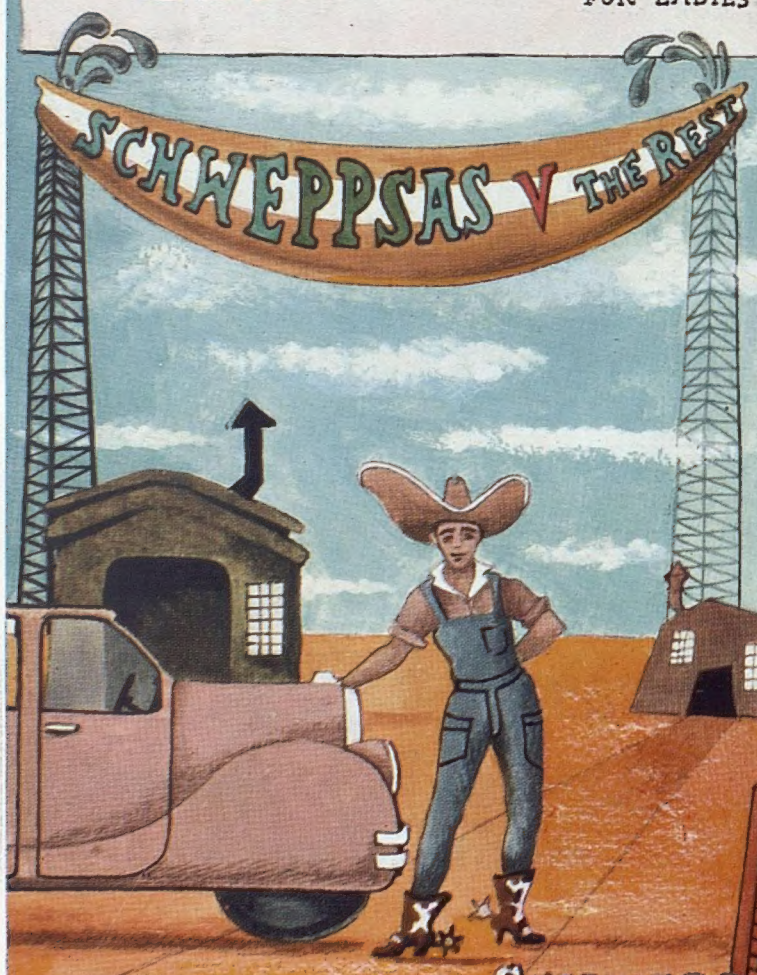


ORDINARY SCHWEPPSAS TOOTHPICKS

OTHER **BIG**-NESSES

QUITE SMALL SCHWEPPSAS BUDGERIGAR

CIGARETTE LIGHTERS FOR LADIES



SCHWEPPSANS ARE ENORMOUSLY RICH ALTHOUGH THERE IS A SORT OF ABORIGINES WHO LIVE IN MUD HUTS AND HAVE ONLY PRE-1950 AUTOMOBILES

Devised by Stephen Potter, drawn by Loudon Sainthill

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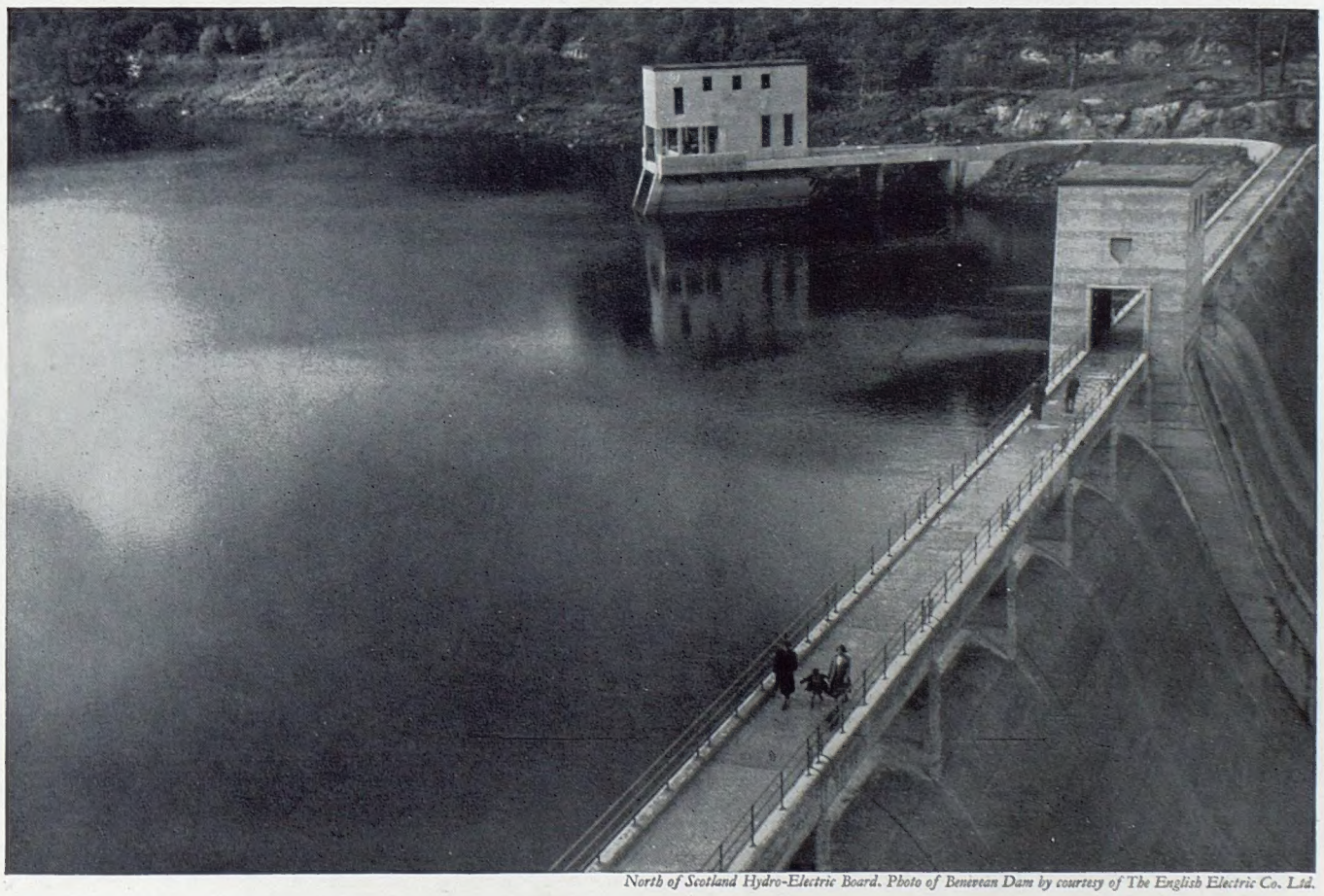

North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. Photo of Benevean Dam by courtesy of The English Electric Co. Ltd.

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BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING...

LE MANS

This scene of pastoral tranquillity on the Le Mans circuit at Mulsanne is in striking contrast to the sound and fury of the International 24-Hours Race which is fought out annually on this famous circuit. Twice in four years Jaguar have won the Le Mans Grand Prix d'Endurance, and to Jaguar goes the distinction of being the first car to win it at over 100 m.p.h.

JAGUAR *Grace . . . Space . . . Pace*

Volume CCXXI No. 2882 The SPHERE, London, May 7, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE GENERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN BEGINS—SIR ANTHONY EDEN INTRODUCES THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY'S MANIFESTO: The Prime Minister addressing a Press Conference in London last week, when he introduced the Conservative Party's General Election manifesto entitled "United for Peace and Progress." With him are, left, Lord Woolton and Mr. R. A. Butler. The day before the Labour Party had announced its election programme in "Forward With Labour."

The General Election campaign for 1955 was due to begin officially on Friday, May 6, when Parliament was prorogued. The fight for votes on Polling Day, May 26, however, had already begun, for last week both the Labour and the Conservative Parties issued their election manifestoes. The Labour Party's document laid primary emphasis on the menace of the hydrogen bomb, saying that the first task of any Government should be to arrange high-level talks among the great Powers. In the domestic field, the Labour Party plans to renationalise the steel and road haulage industries. The public ownership of water supply and of sections of the chemical and machine tools industries was also promised. The Conservative manifesto has a personal introduction from the Prime Minister, who says that he will spare no effort to bring about meetings with the Soviet leaders. The manifesto states that the interests of the cotton industry will be specially safeguarded. Defence against unfair trade practices by other countries would be strengthened. And the justice of dealings between the State and the individual would be investigated.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

AT THE 1905 ROYAL ACADEMY: This drawing, by F. Matania, was made during the 137th Exhibition. A note in THE SPHERE at the time stated: "There is no *one* great masterpiece in the Royal Academy exhibition this year. . . . But there are a greater number of interesting pictures and individual productions than have been seen on the walls for several years, and everything else is grouped around the work of Mr. J. S. Sargent. . ."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW ENGLISH CRICKET FACES THE NEW SEASON

By NEVILLE CARDUS

Also

A GIANT CONVEYOR BELT PROJECT IN OHIO

Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

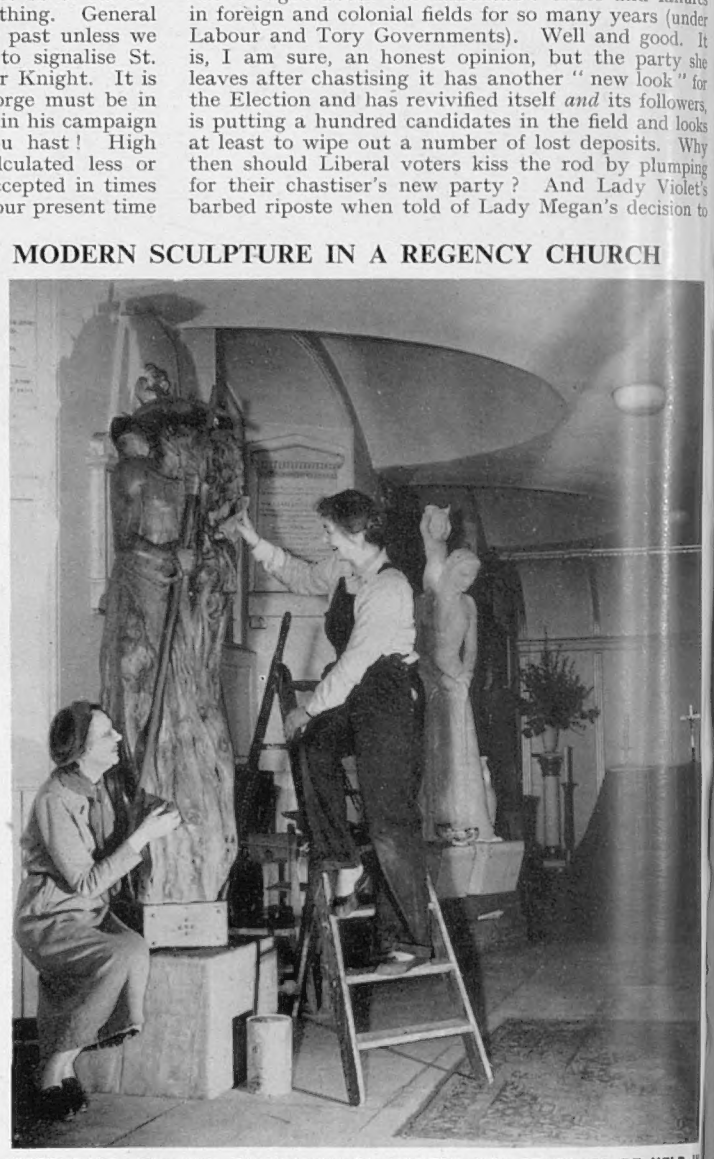
St. George and Merry England.—I never fail, if I can help it, to drive some distance through Southern or Midland England on St. George's Day, to see the flag of St. George bravely flying on the village church towers, newly embowered in green foliage, to hear the cuckoo call and the nightingale sing, and to think of Shakespeare, remember Zeebrugge and all that St. George implies in the history of England, in her culture and her courage and her great traditions. Merry England! No doubt our picture of it is idealistic and nostalgic. We remember the music of German and of Sullivan, and forget that social injustice lurked beneath the mask of merriness in the days of Elizabeth I. It does not need a General Election to remind us that instances of social injustice are still claimed and ventilated. The claim that England is still merry seemed perhaps more obvious during the newspaper strike when, falling back on our own powers of reasoning, we fell back also on good books and natural beauties. We began to look out of the windows. But "St. George and Merry England" was a phrase coined long years before the conception of our modern democracy under Elizabeth II was imagined and, if it is to have any meaning to-day, it must be of nation-wide application. Tradition is one thing. General usage another. We can't live on our past unless we deny our future. It is not enough to signalise St. George's Day by creating a new Garter Knight. It is still a time for greatness, and St. George must be in every heart and backed by every man in his campaign against our dragons. "Give all thou hast! High Heaven rejects the law of nicely calculated less or more" is a splendid ideal generally accepted in times of mortal danger. It should apply to our present time with no less urgency. Perhaps it is better if St. George's Day comes round when no General Election is in the offing, and the half-truths and lies of the tub-thumpers, the grouses of the electors and the wobbles of the Stock Exchange do not sully the charm of the picture and its imagery.

Dotheboys Hall.—From now on until May 26 we must expect the atmosphere to grow more and more polluted with party politics as is a Bloomsbury lodging-house with the smell of onions in the hands of a very plain cook. It is usual, it is depressing, this gathering storm of *tu-quoque*, this nasty-schoolboy temper which will infect even grave statesmen before the end, so that by the time we have a new Government we shall pray that it may learn to govern its tongues. But it is quite inevitable. It is "pretty democracy's way," and mercifully we don't do it with knives. The Budget debate has been poisoned and bedevilled by it. Every thrust must be an Election thrust. Constructive criticism of finance and economy must be tub-thumping thrust-and-parry. The big-loaf, little-loaf lies, the current substitute for the war-mongering lie, all will be cried from the house-tops. "The Socialists mean to reimpose rationing," "your fetters will go on again," "the Tories stamp on the underdog to benefit big business," "Lancashire betrayed," "the workers snubbed," "the future sacrificed to a General Election." And so on. The boy is father to the man. A General Election makes schoolboys of them all, whatever their age-groups. And it 's a sad thing that the father of every responsible member of a new administration must inevitably be in the fourth form at Do-the-boys Hall, *pendente lite*. Happily, three weeks are soon over.

The Half-truth.—"Peterborough" of the *Daily Telegraph*, risen like a giant refreshed from his month's sleep, gave a telling example of the half-truth in reporting a sentence of Mr. Gaitskell's first attack on the Budget. "A married man with two children and £600 a year will gain roughly 3s. a week. A man with £10,000 a year gains £5 a week." But what Mr. Gaitskell did *not* say was that whereas his first man will now pay only £3, his second will pay £6,000. But the half-truth is good enough for us. We stand before the soap-box and cry "shame" when we hear this example of a Tory Chancellor's betrayal of the "sweated worker." For it is not only that the aspirants for political power get moved down to the Lower Fourth at Election time; that form is already uncomfortably crowded with the riff-raff (like you and me), who will almost always gobble down half-truth, believe in scandalous rumour and cry "*nous sommes trahis*" on hearsay evidence. Don't we subscribe to those journals which, knowing our frailty, cater for those very things? Come, then, boys, be charitable and as patient as may be. We are all together in the Lower Fourth until May 26 and some of us will *not* get our remove after May 26.

A Recruit for Labour.—Lady Megan Lloyd George has joined the Labour Party on the eve of the General Election. It is said that Mr. Attlee and some of his followers welcome her warmly as an invaluable recruit who may induce many Liberals to plump for the Socialists. That Lady Megan's long-expected switch to Labour has come so late in the day must be regarded as a proof of sincerity and not dismissed as a gamble for place and power. She might have done it months ago and would certainly to-day have been in the short lists for Labour candidates, if not already chosen. As it is, she is probably too late in the field for consideration for this Parliament, though no doubt a certain choice for some suitable future by-election. She is sure of Cabinet rank in the Parliament of Wales when it comes. But I do not follow the argument that her value to the party rests on the expectation that her switch will induce many Liberal voters who have no candidate, to vote Labour. For a long time Lady Megan has trounced the Liberals as fellow-travellers with the more reactionary Tories, dead to the true spirit of radicalism; and she sees, and has long seen, in the Labour Party the only hope of securing social justice, a genuine welfare state and the death of the spirit of the "old colonialism" which has brought about the lamentable crises and failures in foreign and colonial fields for so many years (under Labour and Tory Governments). Well and good. It is, I am sure, an honest opinion, but the party she leaves after chastising it has another "new look" for the Election and has revivified itself *and* its followers, is putting a hundred candidates in the field and looks at least to wipe out a number of lost deposits. Why then should Liberal voters kiss the rod by plumping for their chastiser's new party? And Lady Violet's barbed riposte when told of Lady Megan's decision to join the Labour Party—*Which* Labour Party?—is very much to the point. Many Liberal voters regard Mr. Attlee's party as Tory fellow-travellers. And not many of them would care to travel all the way with Mr. Bevan. I should say that for the purposes of May 26 Lady Megan has taken a single ticket and not engaged a coach in the train.

MODERN SCULPTURE IN A REGENCY CHURCH



PREPARING THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF MODERN SCULPTURE TO BE HELD IN A LONDON CHURCH: Josephina de Vasconcellos dusts her figure of St. Michael in St. John's Church, St. John's Wood, where an exhibition of modern Christian sculpture is being held. It has been organised by Miss Vasconcellos and another sculptress, Kate Parbury (left), and by the Vicar, The Rev. Noël Perry-Gore. St. John's Church, one of the finest examples of Regency church architecture in London, is situated at the northern end of Park Road, and is well known to visitors to Lord's Cricket Ground, which lies on the other side of the road, to the west. Several well-known sculptors are exhibiting, including Sir Jacob Epstein, Sir William Reid Dick, Charles Wheeler, Willi Soukop and Gertrude Hermes.

"Nostalgie de la Boue?"—To aid the peers before their debate on the Horror-comics Bill Lord Mancroft placed in the Library six examples of these disgusting publications published by London and Leicester firms. Within a few hours the three filthiest had been stolen. Who-dun-it? Lord Mancroft assumed they had been "pinched," presumably by noble lords. The charitable may have assumed that some thorough and conscientious peer borrowed them to study in bed. I hope so. *Quis custodiet. . .?* There was formerly a very rich peer who was a member of my club who could not resist these petty peculations.

Once at least he was detected leaving the club wrapped round with a roll of useful, domestic paper, very suitable for printing such sorry literature but usually employed for other purposes. His collection of pictures was worth about £1,000,000. Perhaps the pincher of these three "comics" was moved to imitate this collection in a "modest" way. In those days the thefts of circulating-library books in my club averaged 100 a year. It is quite possible that horror-comics seem better worth stealing to-day, to judge by the new novels I am tricked into reading. Before the next batch of new peers is created in June, it might be worth instituting a solemn guarantee from each aspirant that he would keep the ten commandments or such of them as are still regarded as desirable "don'ts" for hereditary legislators. Perhaps reform of the House of Lords *is* now regarded as urgent, albeit a majority of the peers who dismissed Mr. Benn's little Bill do not seem to hold that opinion in other respects.

Recreations—Writing, Bricklaying, Painting.—That extraordinary man who was till lately our Premier spent some of his curtailed time in Sicily in polishing yet another literary work of immense length and importance. It was news to me that Messrs. Cassells in the '30's commissioned him to write a history of the English-speaking peoples in half a million words. It is news with a vengeance that all that is already "in the bag" and merely awaits polishing and a "little supplement" to take in the events, changes and chances which have affected the Commonwealth and the U.S. since 1939—a rather important supplement. No doubt it will be done. How it is done is another thing. How does a man (or superman) whose every hour is mortgaged to public affairs turn out classics at the rate of which Edgar Wallace turned out shockers? It was said that Edgar Wallace maintained a school of literary secretaries who did the hack work on each of the master's plot-blue-prints, and that the master came round his studio putting here and there a deft brush-stroke which gave to each his signature. But a shocker is one thing, a classic quite another; and Sir Winston's classics are not mere scattered gems in a mass-produced setting. They are planned to the last detail, executed entirely by master strokes. How is it done? How is time found when all of it is spent or mortgaged? How much, in a vulgar, material way, has Sir Winston made out of his books? Half a million, it is said, out of American pre-publication serial rights alone! I suppose it is fair to assume that no other literary man, dead or alive, has made one quarter as much by writing with thrice the time to spend on the job.

America's Share of the Cake.—Old stagers will remember their youth are forgiven for thinking that, with our average "pay packet" now exceeding £500 a year, this nation should call itself "passing rich"—on paper. We remember the excellent housemaids who laboured long and loyally on £18 a year (beer and washing) and the keeper's wife who brought up twelve admirable children on 17s. a week. On paper, of course. It is always "on paper." 17s. bought more in 1900 than it buys to-day. Still, the keeper's wife *is* better off to-day and would be much better off if what were undreamed of luxuries in 1900 were not necessities to-day; perhaps, too, she might be happier or more contented. She is certainly different. We need not refer again to the housemaid. She is a vanished Victorian. When we seek for clues to the differences apparent in one class or another or in the peoples of one race and another, we can't avoid the conclusion that economics are the chief field for our research. Take those Americans. They often puzzle us as a nation, and as individuals. They don't always think as we do on domestic and international matters. Is this largely because they consume so enormous a proportion of the world's cake to-day? A recent U.S. economic survey informs us that a typical American to-day takes for granted a level of material well-being beyond the comprehension of a vast majority of the world's peoples. The *average* American family has an income of over £2,000 a year already. The U.S.A. makes up 6 per cent. only of the world population, occupies less than 7 per cent. of its land space. But she produces and consumes 33 per cent. of the world's goods and services and turns out 50 per cent. of the world's factory-produced goods. Much of this is to her credit. She harnesses science to her needs and works very hard with her gadgets. Her leisure time for workers has doubled since 1900, and she is still trying to learn how to use it wisely.

"Two Nations" Still.—But in spite of this average prosperity, the Victorian and Edwardian contrasts so familiar in England before the wars still glare in America. Still she is economically two nations, one of them wretchedly housed, fed and looked after by our modern standards. And of course even the prosperity is "on paper." Take a £1,000 a year job in America and you will buy no more goods and services and amenities than you enjoy in England on £10 a week. All the same, paper fortunes and statistics help to induce an attitude of mind. The Americans' share of the world's cake is incredibly large, and it is small wonder if the nation and the average American see every good reason to secure and preserve a continuance of a state of things reasonably good for them and see the force of defending it and, indeed, of buying off invaders of their peace with the most generous advances. The trouble about prosperity is that it has no ceiling. The more you have, the more you want. We see it here, we see it there. We are justified in examining the economic field to account for the characteristics and changes we observe in our neighbours at home and overseas.

THE OLD STAGER

A FAMILY WELCOME FOR SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PRIVATE MEMBER AND HIS WIFE RETURN FROM THEIR HOLIDAY AT SYRACUSE, IN SICILY: Sir Winston and Lady Churchill at London Airport, where they had arrived in a B.E.A. Viscount airliner after flying from Catania. Members of their family went to the airport to welcome them, and they are seen, in the picture below, standing at the foot of the gangway. There was a crowd waiting to greet the returning holidaymakers, and as soon as Sir Winston had emerged from the aircraft he raised his hat in acknowledgment to their welcome. Lady Churchill quickly followed him and waved to her family. During the flight from Sicily Sir Winston spent about twenty minutes on the flight deck of the plane. Until their own house at 28, Hyde Park Gate is ready for occupation, Sir Winston and Lady Churchill are staying at the Hyde Park Hotel. Sir Winston cut short his holiday in Sicily (where, unfortunately, the weather had not been favourable) to take part in the General Election. He will open his campaign in Woodford, Essex, on May 16 and, three days later, will speak in two neighbouring constituencies. They are Walthamstow, East, and the new constituency of Chigwell.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

SPORTING AND CIVIC OCCASIONS, AND MARITIME AND POLITICAL EVENTS IN BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT

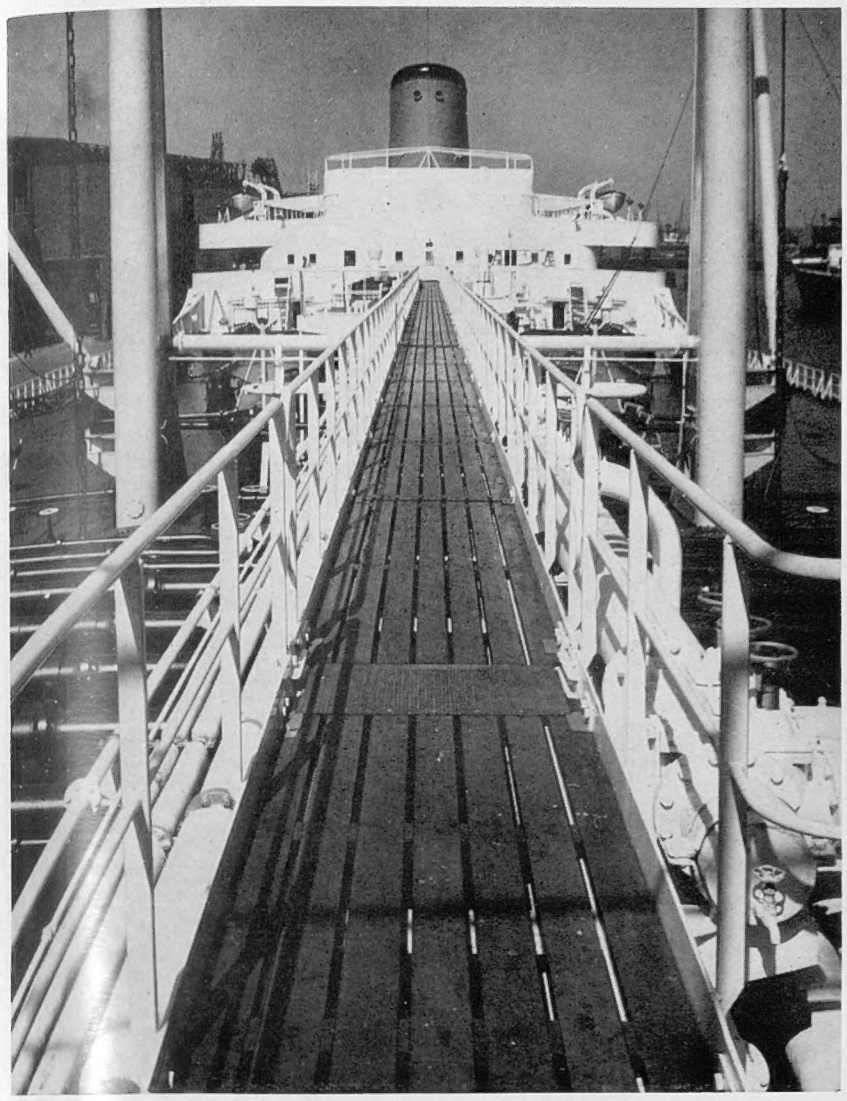
THE QUEEN AT A POINT-TO-POINT MEETING : Her Majesty walks with Princess Margaret in the paddock at Sporle, near Swaffham, in Norfolk. She was watching the point-to-point races of the West Norfolk Hunt. This Royal occasion last Saturday was an informal one. The Queen and the Princess saw the races with Major R. Hoare, the Master of the West Norfolk, from the platform of a temporary grandstand.

MELD WINS THE 1,000 GUINEAS : The winner, ridden by W. H. Carr, passes the finishing post at Newmarket two lengths ahead of Aberlady (E. Mercer). Feria (A. Breasley), one-and-a-half lengths behind, is third. Fourth and fifth are Reinata and Blue Robe. Meld was the first favourite to win this race since 1951, and gave her jockey, W. H. Carr, his first classic win. She is owned by Lady Zia Wernher and trained by Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort. Meld had had no previous races this season, but she ran extremely well from the start.

STIRLING MOSS BECOMES THE FIRST BRITON EVER TO WIN THE MILLE MIGLIA : Moss is seen rounding a bend during the latter stages of the 992-mile Italian road race driving a German Mercedes. He won this most hazardous of motor races in 10 hrs. 7 mins. 48 secs., at an average speed of 97.8 m.p.h., a record for the event. The car he was driving was one of four Mercedes 300 SL's entered by the manufacturers. Moss's team captain Fangio, of the Argentine, finished more than 31 minutes later in second place. In third place, nearly 45 minutes behind Moss, came the first Italian driver, Maglioli, in a Ferrari. Some idea of the pace the Italian drivers set in an effort to withstand the German challenge can be gauged from the average speed of 120 m.p.h. which Castoletti, in a Ferrari, set up over the first 190 miles.

AUSTRIAN PRISONERS RELEASED FROM RUSSIA : Some of the group of sixteen prisoners released to their homeland from the Soviet Union drive with relatives through Vöslau, in the Soviet Zone of Austria, on their arrival from internment camps in Russia. Second from the left in the foreground is the only woman prisoner, Agathe Hulak. The return of the prisoners was the first response to an appeal made to the Soviet authorities by President Körner, of Austria, to pardon all remaining Austrian prisoners in the U.S.S.R. It is an indication of the new relations between Austria and Moscow which have led to the present discussions on the State Treaty. All the freed party were civilians, arrested by the Russian occupation authorities since 1945. In some cases, their relatives, who welcomed them from the Russian military train at Vöslau station, had not heard from them since they disappeared. Several of the prisoners said they had never really known the reasons for their arrest.

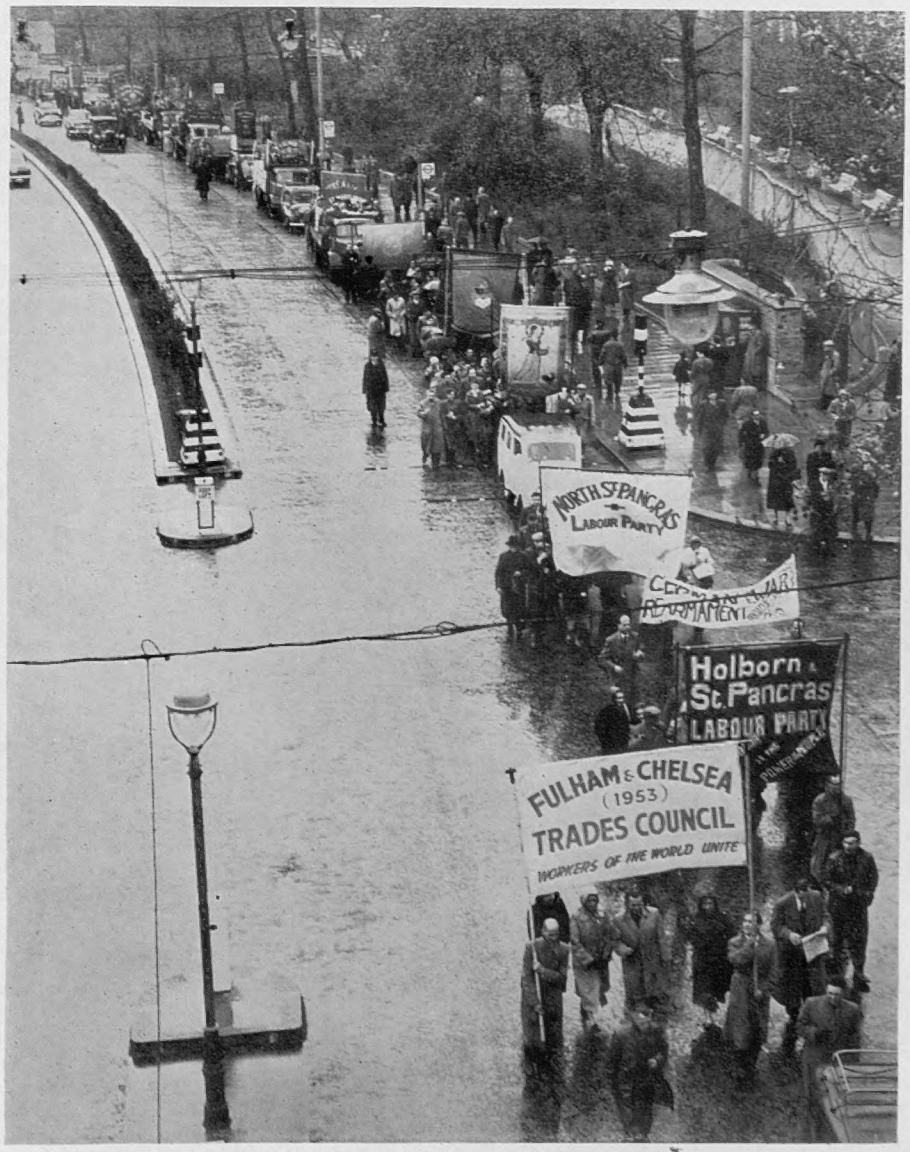
THE "EMBANKMENT ACADEMY" OPENS : Pictures hang in the Victoria Gardens on the Thames Embankment, near the Temple in central London. They are part of the open-air exhibition organised each year by the London County Council. It attracts the work of many artists.



THE GANGWAY OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER : It stretches for 330 ft. from the bow to the bridge of the 47,000-ton *Al-Malik Saud El-Awal* in Hamburg. She is being prepared for sea in the Howaldt shipyards, where she was built. Owned by the Greek ship owner, Aristotle Onassis, she is being chartered by the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, in exchange for two smaller tankers of the Onassis fleet which they have previously used and will ply between the Persian Gulf and Eastern America.

THE "ARK ROYAL" AT SEA : This aerial picture of Britain's largest and most up-to-date aircraft-carrier shows clearly the latest aids and devices which are incorporated in her design. These include the angled deck, the steam catapult, a new type of arrester gear, and, on the port side, the new lift at the edge of the deck. On deck can be seen Sea Hawk fighters and Dragonfly helicopters. The *Ark Royal* is commanded by Captain D. R. F. Cambell, one of the officers directly concerned with evolving the idea of the angled flight-deck.

MERTHYR TYDFIL SAYS "WELCOME HOME" TO VISCOUNT KEMSLEY : The procession from the Town Hall to the Miners' Hall after the great newspaper proprietor had been made a Freeman of the borough. Viscount Kemsley, with the Mayoress, is seen acknowledging the cheers of the large crowd which watched the procession. He is preceded by the Mayor and Town Clerk, and is followed by Viscountess Kemsley and Sir Robert Webber. *On left*—The Mayor of Merthyr, Councillor M. Osborne, presents the silver casket containing the freedom scroll to Viscount Kemsley.



A SODDEN MAY DAY IN LONDON : The start of the procession on the Thames Embankment by Labour Party supporters, who held their traditional May Day Rally in Hyde Park. Heavy rain made it difficult for the marchers to hold aloft their soaked banners. They were rewarded, however, by an address from Dr. Edith Summerskill, Chairman of the Labour Party. Sheltering under an umbrella, she told the Hyde Park rally that the rain was only a prelude to the deluge which the Conservatives were going to experience on polling day.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE A.A.

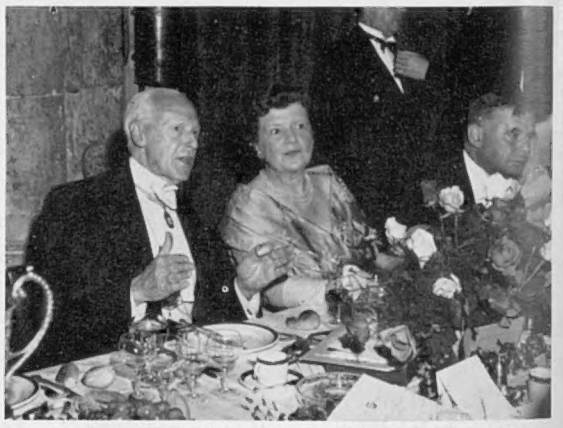
THE JUBILEE BANQUET WHICH WAS HELD AT GUILDHALL

A JUBILEE BANQUET FOR THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION : On the left of this picture is Captain C. B. Fry, the 83-year-old sportsman and writer. Sitting on his left are Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Kelly. Mr. Kelly has been Secretary of the Automobile Association since 1954. Mr. Boyd Carpenter, who proposed the toast of the Automobile Association, said that membership had grown from ninety in 1905 to 1,570,872 on the day of the banquet. Lord Teynham, the Chairman of the A.A., disclosed that the Association's handbook was the world's second most widely distributed book.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION : The Rt. Hon. Earl Jowitt at the A.A. Golden Jubilee Banquet. With him is Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, the wife of the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

CELEBRATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE A.A. : The scene in Guildhall where the banquet was held. Some 600 guests were present on this occasion.

AT THE TOP TABLE : From the left are : Lady Teynham ; Sir Seymour Howard, Lord Mayor of London ; Lord Teynham, the Chairman of the Automobile Association ; the Lady Mayoress of London ; and Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., the Secretary of State for Air. Another event to mark the anniversary will be held on June 18, when there will be a "Cavalcade of Motoring" in Regent's Park. 300 cars will take part.



A POLITICIAN AND EX-LORD MAYOR AT THE BANQUET : Sir Frank Newson Smith, a former Lord Mayor of London and a member of the A.A. committee, talks with Mrs. J. S. Habbijam at the banquet. On the right of this picture is Mr. Boyd-Carpenter.

BRITAIN'S FIRST LICENSED AVIATOR AT THE GUILDHALL : Lord Brabazon of Tara, the holder of the Royal Aero Club licence Number One, looks on as Lady Brabazon selects flowers during the A.A. banquet.

ABILITATION AT LYNMOUTH, IN NORTH DEVON : Repairs are made along the East Lyn River, where extensive damage was caused by flood waters rushing down from the moors in August 1952. In the left foreground a temporary footbridge crosses the river, while in the middle distance workmen are still engaged on the construction of one of the two new permanent bridges. Much work has also been carried out on the strengthening of the river walls. It is hoped that the major repairs, with the exception of one bridge, will be completed by the end of June, in time for the height of the summer holiday season. Then the builders will concentrate on work outside the town. In the redevelopment plan put forward by the Devon River Board and Lynton Urban Council in 1953, it was decided that the River Lyn should be given a new bed. Arrangements have also been made to allow extra space for flood waters.

LYNMOUTH RISES AGAIN

Work Goes Ahead on the Reconstruction of the Flood-damaged Devon Holiday Resort

BRIGHTON'S NEW SPORTS ARENA

A NEW CENTRE FOR SPORTSMEN ON THE SOUTH COAST—BRIGHTON'S NEW SPORTS ARENA AT WITHDEAN : The official opening of this new arena in Sussex has been arranged for next Saturday, when a Triangular Athletics match will be held in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Several other fixtures have also been arranged for the rest of this year. The arena is now practically finished and Brighton Corporation has ensured that it can accommodate most branches of sport. On the left of the picture are the club-house and the north stand, which will have a temporary cover during wet weather. In the background is the covered grandstand, while on the right preparations are in hand for another terrace stand. One of the features of the arena is the quarter-mile cinder track for athletic events.

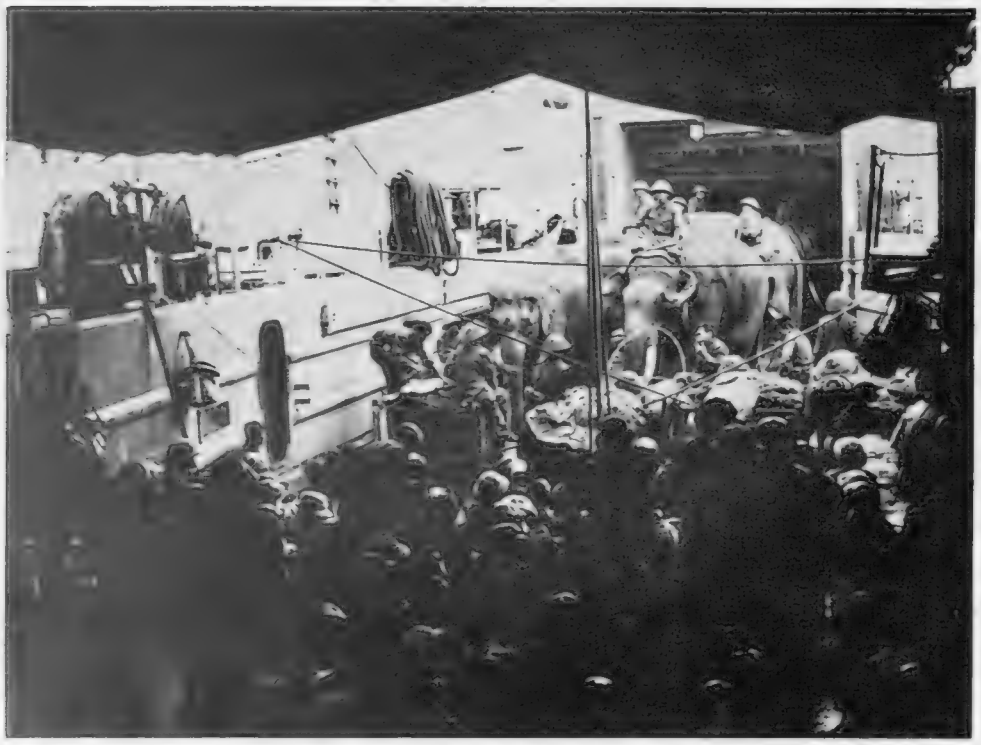
FAREWELL to NORTH INDO-CHINA

After Eighty Years' Occupation, the French Hand Over North Viet Nam to the Communist Viet-minh

COMMUNIST TROOPS MARCH INTO NORTH INDO-CHINA: A detachment of Viet-minh soldiers enter Campha, in North Indo-China, in the Haiphong Zone, which the French are evacuating under the terms of the Geneva Armistice of last summer. The French were leaving this area, now known as North Viet Nam, after eighty years.

A SALUTE TO THE FRENCH DEAD: General René Cogny, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Union Forces before the Armistice, and Vice-Admiral Kerville stand by the altar to salute the graves of the French dead. This was an incident in a simple and moving farewell ceremony at the naval cemetery in Along Bay.

The pictures on this page record a sad occasion for France. After some eighty years of occupation of Indo-China, her troops are completing the evacuation of the northern part of the territory. This is in accordance with the terms of the Armistice agreed in Geneva last summer, after France had put up a magnificent struggle—including the famous "last stand" at the siege of Dien Bien Phu a year ago—to resist the onslaught of the Oriental Communists. France has gone from the area round Haiphong, but the graves of her sons who died there in the cause of their country remain as an eternal memorial.



ELEPHANTS ARE SHIPPED FROM THE COMMUNISTS' LATEST ACQUISITION: The animals are going aboard a ship in Haiphong. They were being transported, with other French military equipment, to Saigon.

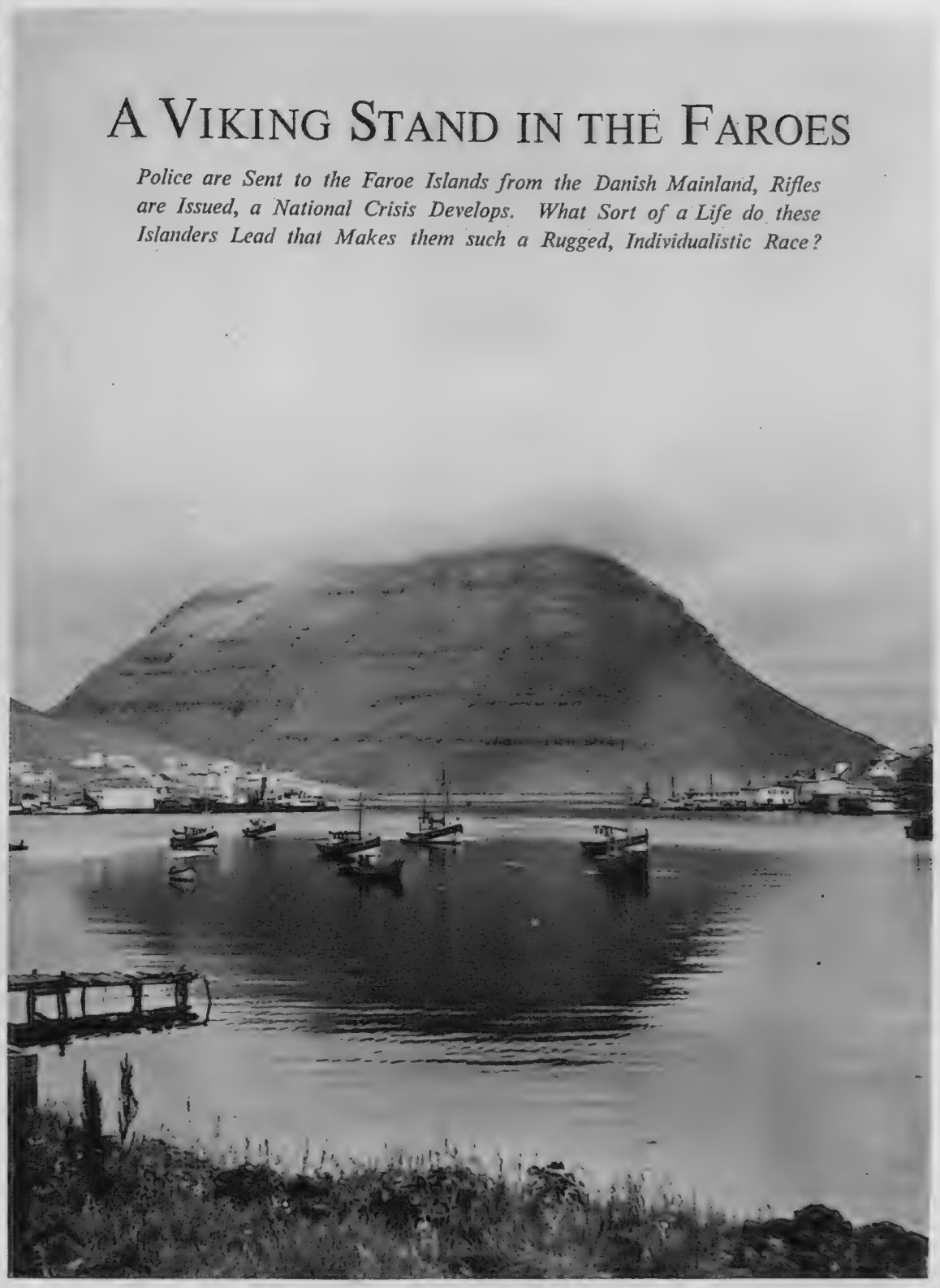
AFTER THE COMMUNISTS HAVE TAKEN OVER: A group of newspaper reporters and cameramen is gathered in Campha, following the occupation of the Haiphong Zone by the Communist forces.

THE "BAMBOO CURTAIN" BEGINS TO FALL: *Left*—A Communist Viet-minh soldier, in the foreground, is taking up his sentry-post. But the handing-over formalities are not yet complete, for a French soldier is still on guard duty in the right background. *Right*—More Viet-minh troops are arriving in lorries. In both these pictures Communist flags are being hoisted. These are sure evidence of occupation by the Communists and that the territory concerned will soon be behind the "Bamboo Curtain." The French forces being evacuated to Saigon, in South Viet Nam, found themselves arriving in a storm-centre of politico-religious discord.

THE INHABITANTS OF KLAKSVIG GIVE SHORT SHRIFT TO THE AUTHORITIES: *Above*—Some of the men are seen dealing with the gangway of the Faroese vessel, which had brought the judge from Thorshavn, in an attempt to effect the removal of Dr. Halvorsen from Klaksvig. *Below*—The citizens are in a gay and excited mood just before they cut the moorings of the *Tjaldur*, which was forced to return to Thorshavn without Dr. Halvorsen being replaced.

A VIKING STAND IN THE FAROES

Police are Sent to the Faroe Islands from the Danish Mainland, Rifles are Issued, a National Crisis Develops. What Sort of a Life do these Islanders Lead that Makes them such a Rugged, Individualistic Race?



WHERE THE HARDY AND INDIVIDUALISTIC FAROE ISLANDERS STAGED THEIR RESISTANCE TO AUTHORITY FROM THE MAINLAND: Low clouds hang over the mountain above the town of Klaksvig, on the island of Bördo, in the Faroes. It was this town which refused to comply with the demands of the Danish Government that their doctor should leave.

TOO many people in Britain the Islands are no more than a name which they hear each day on the wireless during the "Shipping forecast for the next twenty-four hours: Sea areas Iceland, Faroes, Mallin...." But last week the group of twenty-one little islands which lie about half-way between the Shetlands and Iceland hit the world's headlines: or, more precisely, the inhabitants of the industrial town of Klaksvig, on the island of Bördo, staged the uprising which sent people scurrying to atlases to refresh their memories.

It all began more than three years ago, when the doctor in charge of Bördo died. Dr. E. Halvorsen, at the time employed at the hospital in Thorshavn, the chief port and capital of the Faroes, was temporarily assigned to the post. Now Dr. Halvorsen was said to have been a member of the Danish Nazi Party before the war; he fled to Sweden during the war, and then went to the Faroes. Because of his alleged conduct during the German occupation, he was barred from membership of the Danish Doctors' Union, and for this reason the Danish Health Department refused to confirm his appointment on Bördo. Instead, the job went to Dr. Rubaek Nielsen.

It was not a popular choice. Dr. Nielsen is the son-in-law of Hr. Kjoelvraa, one of the wealthiest men in the Islands, whose enterprises dominate the industrial and economic life of Klaksvig. Some years ago he even issued his own banknotes, and was dubbed the King of Klaksvig. The local trades unions do not always see eye to eye with him.

For two years Dr. Halvorsen, with the support of the local authorities, refused to move from Klaksvig, and Dr. Nielsen was unable to take up his appointment. Recently the local Faroese Parliament resolved that Dr. Halvorsen should leave, and late last month a party which included the Thorshavn judge arrived at Klaksvig to carry out this decision. Angry crowds forced the party to return to their ship, and then cut her moorings. The battle was on.

A resistance organisation was formed on Bördo; 120 police were despatched from the Danish mainland; the resisters countered by calling on all fishing vessels to return to harbour to prevent the arrival of the police boat. The men of Klaksvig were armed with shotguns and cartridges; guards were mounted; dynamite disappeared from the quarries. The police were standing by at Thorshavn, complete with vehicles, dogs, and tear gas; medical units were ordered to be ready. The whole affair had by this time become bedevilled with local politics, the issue of secession from Denmark or greater independence for the Faroes having been brought up. But to some the action of the Klaksvig men seemed to recall the rebellious spirits of the ancient Vikings who were their forbears.

LIFE IN THE FAROES—THE POSTMAN CALLS: He is seen with the five hardy children of a farming family. The postman calls at the farm twice a week, and stays for a meal.

The Faroes were indeed a Viking settlement at one time, for it is recorded that in A.D. 900 the Irish monks who had been their inhabitants were driven out. The islands became Danish in 1380, and since 1948 they have enjoyed a certain amount of independence and self-government. There is the local Parliament, and the islands send two representatives to the national Parliament in Copenhagen. From 1940 to the end of the war the Faroes were occupied by British forces to prevent the Germans from seizing so strategic a base. An aerodrome was established, and R.A.F. flying-boats operated from these bases to escort convoys and hunt submarines.

Although Faroe, or Färöerne, means sheep island, fishing is nowadays the Islands' chief industry. Fish are to be seen everywhere: they lie drying in the cobbled streets when the sun shines, and stacked under tarpaulins when it is raining. In an average year about £3,000,000-worth of fish is exported, two-thirds of it to England. Salt fish goes to Mediterranean countries and to South America, while the entire catch of herring, about 150,000 barrels, is guaranteed to the Soviet Union. The Russians are very interested in the fat ocean herrings which are to be found in Faroe waters. The waters in the vicinity of the Faroes are also popular with deep-sea trawlers from Britain. As a result of negotiations with the Danish Government it was announced last week that the new limits being imposed on fishing off the islands would be firm for at least twelve years, thus giving very desirable stability to Britain's deep-sea fishing industry.

But there is another species of fish which causes great excitement, and which at the same time considerably supplements the incomes and diets of the islanders. This is the whale, whose approach is greeted with a tremendous turmoil of activity. This is what the islanders call *grindaboo*. In small boats they drive schools of bottle-nose whales into the bays and harbours of one of the smaller islands, where they are stabbed to death with spears and knives. At a typical *grindaboo* there might be 280 whales in the shallow water. The young men whoop and shout with glee, racing their boats towards whale after whale. As the boats come alongside the huge animals everyone on board stabs as hard and as deep as possible.

Meanwhile, a committee arranges for the whales to be dragged on to the beach and to be shared out among all the islanders. Each whale is about 20 ft. long. Numbers are cut into their sides, and then the carcases are left on the beach for the night. That is the time for feasting and celebration, in which the Faroese display the hospitality for which they are renowned.

(Continued on following page

A COMMUNITY OF SMALL ISLANDS : Stores are seen being landed at one of the islands in the Faroe group. Often this is only possible with the help of a small boat which shuttles back and forth through dangerous currents between the ship and the shore. The Faroes consist of twenty-one islands, all but four of which are inhabited.

BOAT RACE IN THORSHAVN HARBOUR : This is the highlight of the National Holiday celebrations in the capital of the Faroes. Thorshavn has a population of 7,000.

MOUNTAIN AND FJORD MAKE UP THE FAROE SCENE : A view of Fjüglefjord, typical of the inlets which serve the harbours of the islands, and which are surrounded by barren mountains strewn with boulders. Fishing is easily the largest single industry in the Faroes, which lie half-way between the Shetlands and Iceland.

LAYING OUT FISH TO DRY : There are signs of the great fishing industry of the Faroes almost everywhere. Here fish are laid out to dry at Fjüglefjord. When it is wet, tarpaulins cover the catches.

A VIKING STAND IN THE FAROES

(*Concluded from previous page*)

At midnight dancing begins in the village hall, and goes on for six hours or more. There is often no music, but as the villagers dance they sing in their old Norse dialect songs that tell the story of the ancient Vikings. Every house in the village is literally open; the old people go to bed, and leave food on the table and a kettle on the fire, so that anyone can walk in and eat in any house at any hour.

But with the morning comes more work. The long and arduous task of cutting up the whales allotted to each party has to be undertaken. At the end the workers are rewarded with a first taste of fresh-boiled whale meat, which promises to replenish and bring variety to the larders of the islanders for many weeks to come.

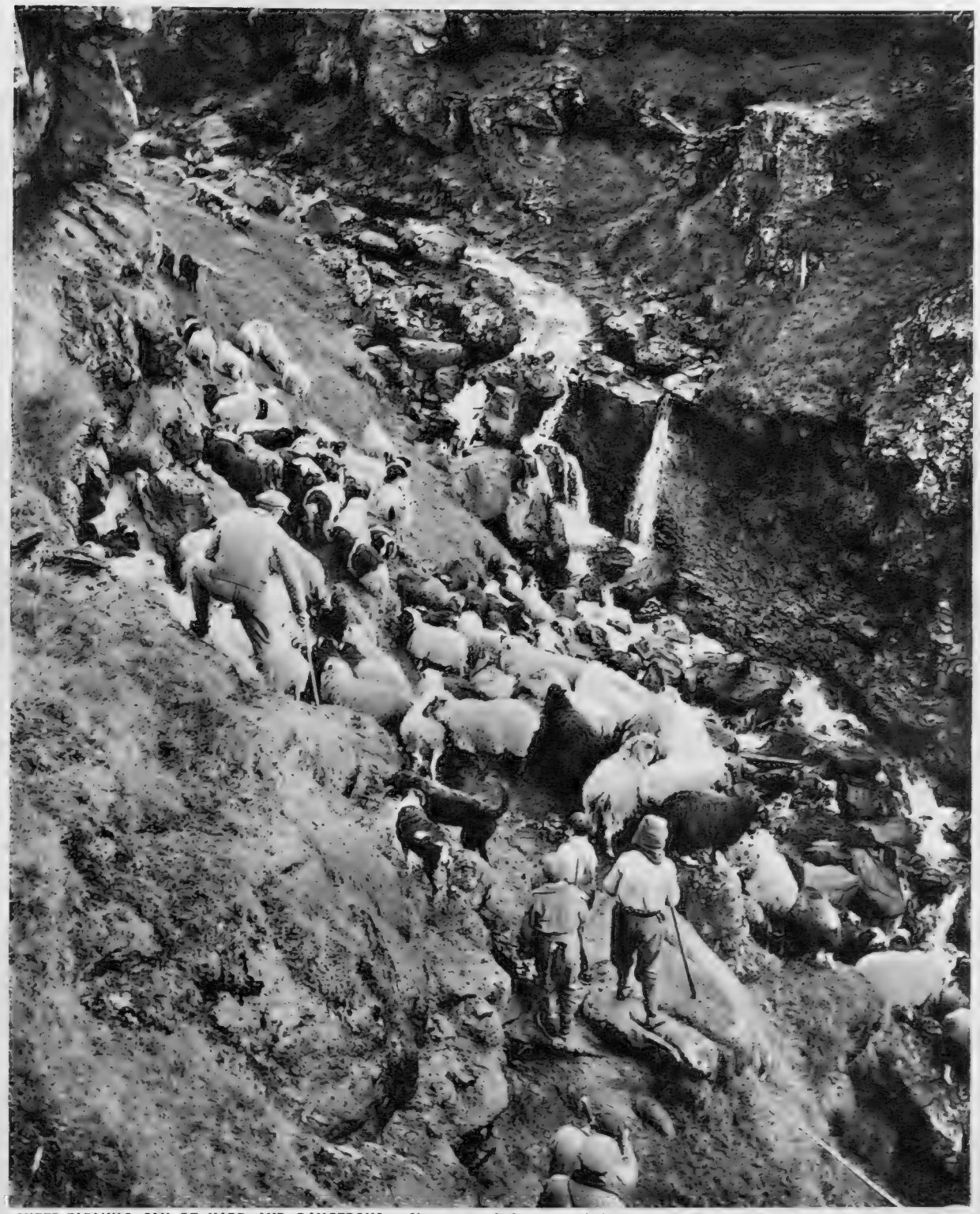
Catching whales is, of course, one of the highlights of the year, but the Faroe islander goes about his many other and more unspectacular tasks with the same enthusiasm for hard work. Haymaking, for example. Work in the fields goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until it gets dark, which in these islands so close to the Arctic Circle is very late indeed. Often, however, the work is interrupted by heavy rainfall. The fields in the Faroes are small, as the country is steep and rocky. The grass is cut with a scythe and then spread over the ground by hand, and raked up and down once or twice to help it dry. If there is no rain, the grass is then tied into bundles each weighing about 100 lb., and taken home. Sometimes, however, the weather forces the farmers to gather in the grass wet, and it is then stored in cement silos.

It is work that calls for considerable powers of physical endurance, and the Faroese are hardy and strong. Men and women join in gymnastics in the evening. Furthermore, the food which is set before the farming families builds up their strength. For lunch there might be wind-dried whale meat and blubber, either raw or boiled. Among the more unusual meals is braised puffin meat with jam, preceded, not followed, by rice pudding with rhubarb juice and cinnamon.

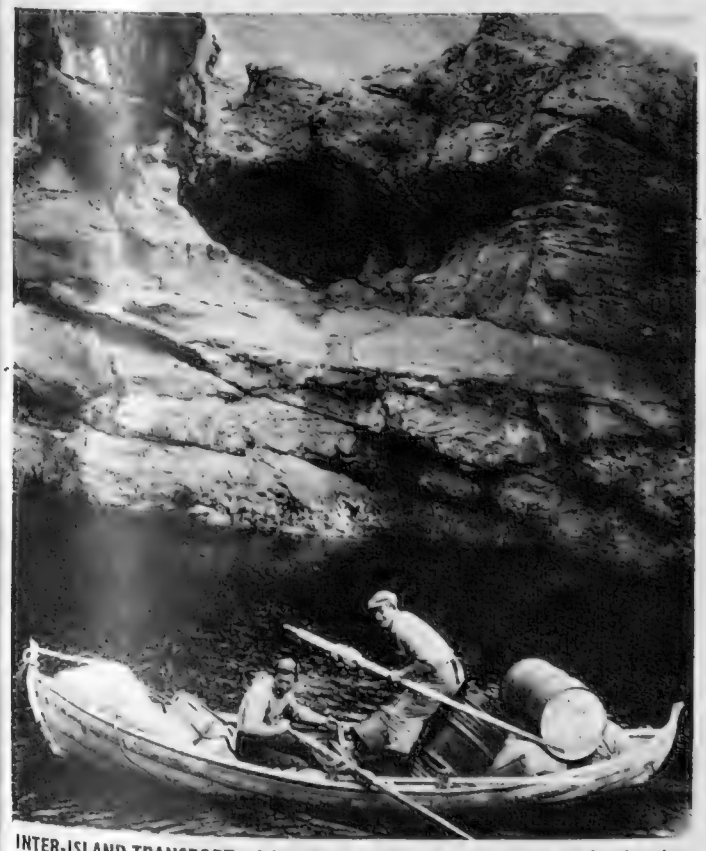
Sheep are, of course, another important source of food on the islands. Although no longer as important as in the ancient days, sheep-farming is still a profitable, though often hazardous, business. Usually the animals roam freely over the mountains, but sometimes they stray to places inaccessible to the farmers. They have then to be brought back by boat and mountain-climbing equipment. To bring a flock into folds on the farms is an equally long operation, and as often as not a school holiday is declared on the day the operation takes place. The children run along the mountains with the dogs until the flocks, scattered far and wide, have been driven into folds at the bottom of a narrow ravine. Once in the fold the ewes are separated from their lambs, and are then released.

That is the life of these descendants of the fierce Norsemen, a cycle of killing and breeding. It is a hard life in the country, gathering in during the long summer days the food that must sustain them in the long winter nights. In the towns and ports this tough and hardy race finds that its heritage stands it in good stead to resist the buffets of the sea and of industrial life. There has, of course, been a violent change in the culture and traditions of the Faroes during the past fifty years. Progress has brought politics and trades unions, as well as nylons and chewing-gum. But the dour hardiness of the Faroe islander remains unchanged, as the events at Klaksvig testify.

STEEP CLIFFS MAKE FARMING DIFFICULT: Sheep are being lowered by rope at the bottom of a steep cliff. Moving the animals from one island to another can be a tricky and dangerous business.



SHEEP-FARMING CAN BE HARD AND DANGEROUS: Sheep are being rounded up on a precipitous mountainside on one of the Faroe islands. The sheep are generally allowed to roam freely about the hills, but when it comes to rounding them up it is often found that they have got into nearly inaccessible places. Shortage of fodder is the chief reason for the fact that the Faroes, or sheep islands, can no longer describe sheep-farming as their main industry.



INTER-ISLAND TRANSPORT: A boatload of stores approaches its destination. Bringing supplies from one island to another demands considerable skill, for besides the tricky currents, the weather is often unfriendly.

A GREAT SUPPLEMENT TO THE FAMILY LARDER AND THE ISLANDERS' INCOME: These bottle-nose whales have been driven into a small bay and there stabbed to death by the islanders. The whales are then distributed among the whaling parties, and stock the larders or increase the family incomes of the Faroe islanders.

LANDSLIDE AND ERUPTION

A Disaster in a Mining Village in Japan. The Birth of a New Volcano off New Guinea

JAPAN'S NEW ARMY IN ACTION : Household belongings are brought out of buildings threatened by further landslides. They are being carried by members of the National Defence Force.

DEATH BY LANDSLIDE COMES TO A SMALL JAPANESE COMMUNITY : A view of the landslide which cascaded on the mining township of Kurokami, near Sasebo, as a result of torrential rains. One hundred and fifteen people were buried alive when this part of the town was destroyed. The lightly-built houses were quickly crushed by the earth.

The danger of land subsidence is always present in mining communities, and nowhere does this provide a greater or more constant threat than in areas where heavy rainfalls are prevalent. The tragedy last month near the Naval base of Sasebo, in Southern Japan, is by no means unique, but the heavy deathroll of 115 shows how swiftly death can come from a landslide in these conditions. The period of torrential spring rains had ended when the tragedy occurred, and few of the villagers in their frail homes in Kurokami could have had an inkling of what was threatening them. An interesting feature of the rescue operations was the presence of 500 men of the newly-formed Japanese National Defence Force ; this is the first time that they have been seen, as it were, in action.

HACKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DEBRIS : Rescue workers toil among the debris of the houses in Kurokami after the landslide. Parties from the near-by mines were reinforced in the work by 500 soldiers of the Japanese National Defence Force who were called to the village.

A NEW VOLCANO IN ACTION : Looking rather like the billowing smoke clouds of a fire at an oil refinery is the steam which issues from the eruption of a new volcano off New Guinea. It is the East Tulman, in the St. Andrew Straits.

HOW A VOLCANO IS BORN : A picture just received of the East Tulman volcano twenty-four hours after it first erupted off Manus Island, New Guinea. It was taken at a range of a few hundred yards from the Australian Administration Patrol Boat *Poseidon*. Steam and hot pumice from the volcano shot 6,000 ft. into the air. In the first twenty-four hours the volcano built up a cone 100 ft. above sea-level and three-quarters-of-a-mile in diameter. After that it continued to grow hour by hour.

ATOMIC CIVIL DEFENCE IN U.S.

Preparations for the Nuclear Explosion at Yucca Flats, Watched by 6,000 People

THE VIEW FROM THE DETONATING TOWER: Below the 500-ft. tower in the midst of the Nevada Desert at Yucca Flats are the houses which were specially built for the most-publicised nuclear explosion to take place in the United States. At the top of the tower is the cab in which the device, said to be equal to 40,000 tons of T.N.T., was placed.

"Operation Cue," the name given for the explosion in the Nevada Desert last week, was one of the biggest nuclear tests to be carried out on the American continent. It was certainly the most-publicised nuclear explosion, no fewer than 6,000 people were present, a large proportion of them newspaper correspondents. One of the chief purposes of this explosion was to show the effects of a nuclear device on ordinary objects, such as houses and the furniture and food inside them. This was intended to boost enthusiasm for Civil Defence in the United States; it was thought that greater interest would be shown if everyday objects of civilian life were involved in the tests. The military side, however, was not neglected, and a battalion of tanks and armoured cars was placed 3,500 yards from ground zero with nothing but their armour-plating to protect them from blast or radiation. Civil Defence workers, including women, prepared breakfast and lunch for the observers at the test, as a field demonstration of what their tasks would be after a nuclear explosion.

ASSESSING THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION: Packaged baby food is placed into a shallow trench as a protection against blast and radiation from the nuclear explosion. After the detonation experts examined its effects on the contents of the packages.

BUILDINGS AND TANKS TAKE PART IN THE OPERATION: *On left*—Final preparations are seen being made at the comfortable-looking house specially built for "Operation Cue." 4,700 ft. beyond can be seen the tower from which the nuclear device was detonated. More than 6,000 men and women took part in this nuclear test. *On right*—A medium Patton tank rolls past the house to take up position 3,500 yards from ground zero. An armoured battalion took part in the tests.

FURNITURE FOR THE TEST: The house was fully furnished for the explosion, so that the effects of radiation and blast could be gauged. This will be of assistance to Civil Defence planning.

A DUMMY FAMILY AT HOME: The dolls are seen in the house within a mile of the detonation; the room is fully furnished, complete with television set. Thirteen volunteers occupied trenches 2,600 yards from ground zero, nearer than anyone has ever been to a peace-time atomic explosion.

FOREIGN SURVEY

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, AFRICA, AND THE FAR EAST

IN THE STEPS OF MR. NAGY—HUNGARY'S NEW PREMIER TAKES OVER: Mr. Andras Hegedus, who succeeded the disgraced Mr. Imre Nagy as Prime Minister, addressing the Hungarian Parliament in Budapest. Watching him are the critical eyes of Mr. Istvan Dobi (left), the President, and (centre) Mr. Matyas Rakosi, the powerful Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party.

At the end of last month Imre Nagy, disgraced since February and suspended from the office of Prime Minister of Hungary because of "illness," was formally denounced as an anti-Marxist and Right-wing deviationist. His place as Prime Minister was taken by Andras Hegedus, First Vice-Premier and once a Minister for State Farms. The new Premier has an unenviable task, for Hungary is once again faced with economic crisis, and a food shortage due to the refusal of the Hungarian peasants to co-operate with the regime. The removal of Nagy, however, is a triumph for the most powerful man in Hungary, Matyas Rakosi. Rakosi was replaced by Nagy two years ago, but he has shown the resilience characteristic of Party Secretaries.

CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE BECOMES DUKE OF SPARTA: King Paul of the Hellenes pays homage to the Holy Gospel at the entrance to St. Nikon Cathedral, Sparta. Behind the King stands his only son, fourteen-year-old Crown Prince Constantine. Like his grandfather, King Constantine I, the Crown Prince became Duke of Sparta. The ceremony was held in the Cathedral at Sparta last week.

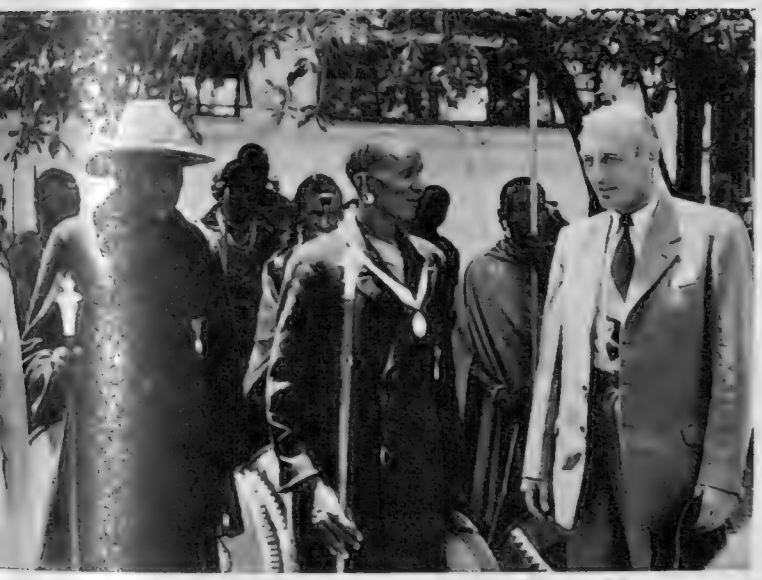
TOKYO'S BLUESTOCKINGS HAVE A ROYAL LECTURER: Prince Mikasa, youngest brother of the Japanese Emperor, delivering the first of a series of lectures on the History of Ancient Orient to a class of about fifty girls at Tokyo's Women's College. Prince Mikasa is being paid about 46 shillings a month for his weekly lectures.

ITALY'S PARTISANS MARCH AGAIN: The banners of the Italian Resistance Movement were paraded through the streets of Genoa when the city celebrated the tenth anniversary of its liberation. Among those who watched the huge parade was Signor Einaudi, who was then Italy's President.

PRESIDENT EINAUDI MAKES ONE OF HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCES BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS: Signor Einaudi, carrying a stick, is seen inspecting a guard of honour in Milan at the celebrations which marked the tenth anniversary of liberation from the Germans. At the President's right is Signor Paolo Emilio Taviani, Italian Minister of Defence. This was one of the last engagements fulfilled by Signor Einaudi before his term of office as President expired. Signor Einaudi, who is eighty-one, had been at the Quirinal for seven years, becoming the first President of the young Italian Republic. In the elections which took place last week he was put forward as a compromise candidate. The newly-elected President is Signor Gronchi, the choice of the Left wing, who defeated Signor Merragora.

A STOLEN R.A.F. PLANE CRASHES IN FRANCE: All that is left of the wreckage of a Vickers Varsity training aircraft is put together by French troops in the small mining village of Yicq, in Northern France. The aircraft, which had been stolen from its base at Thorney Island, Hampshire, crashed on two houses in the village, killing a woman and two children, and the pilot of the aircraft, L.A.C. Nanik Agnani.—*on right*, Two old people, severely injured by burns, died later. Agnani was an Indian serving with the R.A.F. as an airframe fitter. There is every indication that the theft of the aircraft was carefully planned by him.

OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF TANGANYIKA'S LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL: Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanganyika, addressing the Legislative Council in the Karimjee Hall, in Dar es Salaam. On the balcony in the immediate foreground, with his back to the camera, is General Sir George Erskine, who was paying a farewell visit before handing over as Commander-in-Chief, East Africa. The new Legislative Council has sixty-one members, seventeen of them official or Government appointed. Fourteen unofficial members have accepted the Government whip. The remaining thirty unofficial members include ten representatives each from the African, Asian and European communities. Three members have been appointed to represent special interests; the rest represent the eight provinces of Tanganyika and Dar es Salaam. For the first time the Council includes women members—one representing each community.



On left—
KENYA'S GOVERNOR ENLISTS AID IN THE DRIVE AGAINST MAU MAU: Sir Evelyn Baring with members of the Masai Council, whom he met at Kajaido. Next to him is Chief Ole Kedonyo. The Governor of Kenya addressed a large gathering of Masai warriors and chieftains, and discussed plans for the participation of the Masai tribe in the campaign against Mau Mau.

On right—
MR. STEVENSON IN KENYA: Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the American Democratic leader, is seen with a Kikuyu woman during a visit to the Kiambu district reserve. During a short stay in Kenya Mr. Stevenson saw some of the Mau Mau areas.

A NATIVE RULER IS INSTALLED IN UGANDA: This picture shows the new Kyabazinga of Busoga (second from left) after his installation. Centre, is the Acting Governor of Uganda, Mr. C. H. Thornley, the Chief Secretary. On left is the Kyabazinga's wife. Busoga is one of the districts in Uganda in which native chiefs and councils are encouraged to conduct their own affairs.

THE PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL IN PORTUGAL: President João Café Filho of Brazil drives with General Francisco Lopez, the President of Portugal, through the streets of Lisbon. This was at the beginning of his seven-day visit to Portugal. Among those who welcomed him and his Foreign Minister Senhor Fernandes on their arrival in the Brazilian cruiser *Almirante Tamandare* was Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Prime Minister.

THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSES THE DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: Sir Anthony Eden, fulfilling his first public engagement since taking office, replies to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers at the Royal Academy banquet last week. At his left side is seen Professor A. E. Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, who described this year's Summer Exhibition as being "exceptionally virile." "There is a new spirit in the art world," he declared.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1955

A Colourful and Varied Display at the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House

By R. H. WILENSKI

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"COLOURFUL" is the operative word for the Academy's display this year; for patches of geranium red, orange, royal blue and apple green sing out from most of the walls, and there is much less brown and black than in many contemporary art shows. There are several serious religious works; two portraits of the Queen; and paintings of the memorable Coronation ceremony in the Abbey and of the Royal Yacht *Britannia* in Valetta Harbour. In the main bulk of the exhibits, as usual, are records in varied styles of people, places and still-life. There are also more pictures of nude models, posed this way or that in the studio, than I have ever seen at Burlington House.

I shall write first of some paintings and sculpture which I think I shall remember if anyone speaks of this Academy in, say, five years' time. For a tour of the Academy is always like attending an immense reception of notable and not-so-notable persons, where you meet many people you know and some new ones, and talk as long as you must with some of them and as long as you can with others. And you remember on the way home—and perhaps in five years' time—what one or two said to you in quiet corners where the imagination was set free for a moment; or something real in thought or feeling found its way somehow, through the clamour, to the surface.

There is JOHN SKEAPING'S *Crucifix*, for example, a spiritual concept that takes us back to the Middle Ages—though the rhythms are less gaunt and angular and there is less insistence on the agony. Made of yew wood carved and burnt into its pattern, this crucifix with its cross and figure, and the shadows on the wall when the sun comes out, is a true devotional image perfectly attuned to the quietude of a rather bare, small church or a side-chapel in a large one.

STANLEY SPENCER'S religious paintings take us back to a different aspect of medieval art—its vivid realisation of the Gospel in terms of everyday life. The medieval artists imaged the Gospel happenings in the clothes and settings of the country—the town or the village—where they lived, and as late as the sixteenth century a Fleming painted *Christ Shown to the People* on the steps of the Antwerp Town Hall.

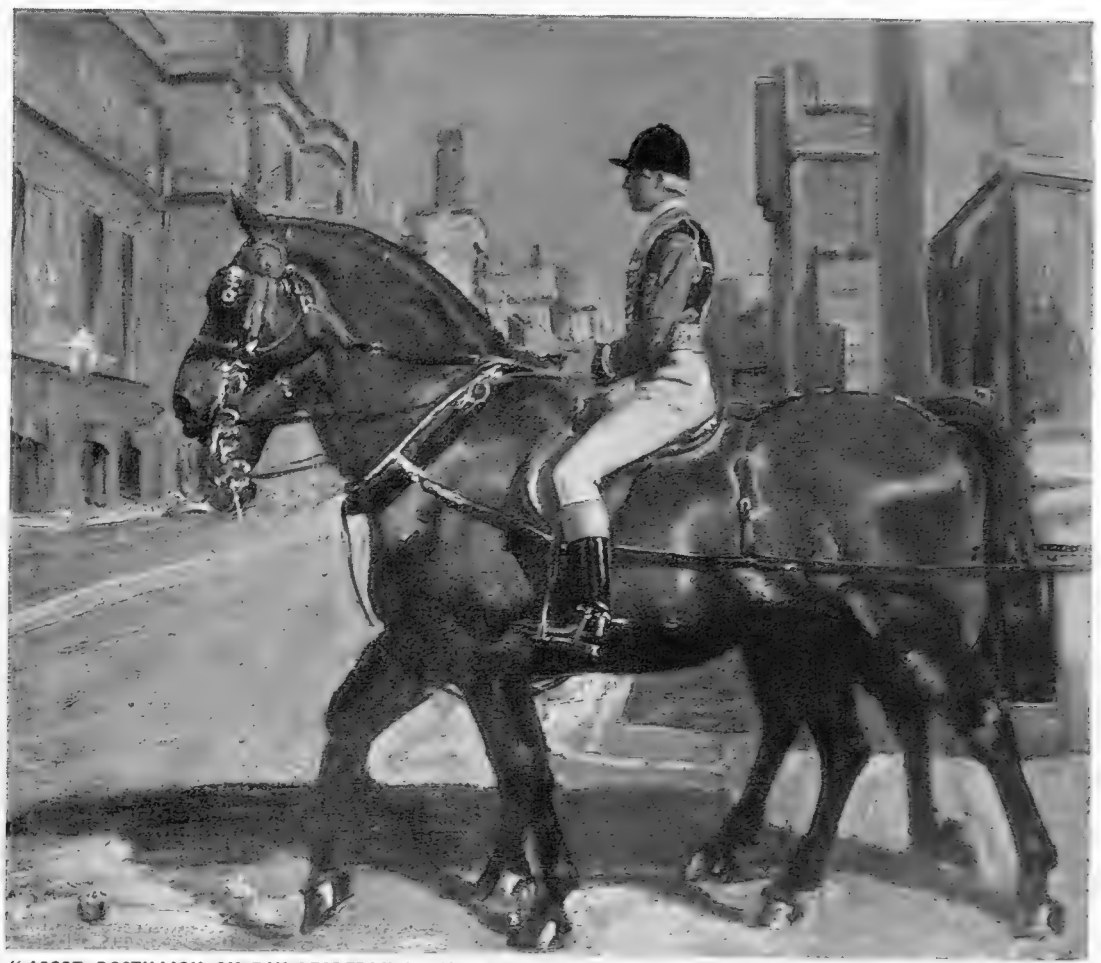
Mr. Spencer's two pictures, *Christ at Cookham Regatta: Girls Listening* and *Christ at Cookham Regatta: Listening from Punts*, are fragments of a vast composition on which he has been working for some years. As planned with almost life-size figures, the picture would occupy the whole wall of the Academy's large Lecture Room. The idea is Christ appearing to, and speaking to, the pleasure-bent company in the midst of a regatta by the bridge at Cookham, where the artist lives. A huge coil of Chinese lanterns has been devised behind the boat which is to hold the central figure; hundreds of villagers and visitors with their picnic baskets, gramophones, and so on, are in scores of punts at all angles on the river, and others are crowded on the bridge and the banks. In *Girls Listening* we see a group of holiday-making typists, one of whom stands up to take the words down in her note-book. And every group and every detail of the landscape is related in design and meaning to the surrounding parts.

Mr. Spencer, with his incredible fertility as an original illustrator, and his wonderful visual memory, has stored the scene as a whole and in all its episodes in mental images, and has put them down in large red-chalk drawings which he spreads out on the floor of his work-room before he starts to paint. Perhaps one day, when all the drawings have been translated into pictures, we shall see them together, in the right relations, on one wall—a complex epitome of his central passion for the Gospel text conceived as actuality in the deepest meaning of the word.

"TROTTING HORSE" by JOHN R. SKEAPING, A.R.A.: One of the six works exhibited at the Academy by this "versatile and adventurous" artist, this wash drawing reveals action with great energy and verve.

Another work which I shall certainly remember is the cement sculpture *Girl in a Chair*, by SYDNEY HARPLEY. This is placed by itself in one of the picture galleries, a happy device giving play to the simplicity of this life-size, relaxed, reclining figure which is thus removed to some extent from the exhibition atmosphere and transported as far as may be to the ambiance of an ordinary room. Writing in the '20's the Surrealist, Giorgio

"CRUCIF[illegible] by JOHN R. SKEAPING, A.R.A.: This sculpture is carv[illegible] out of burnt yew wood. Mr. Wilenski describes it as a s[illegible]tual concept that takes us back to the Middle Ages.



"ASCOT POSTILLION ON BAY LEADERS" by SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A.: This work, though smaller than the other exhibits of the Royal Academy's Past President, is singled out as being "truly traditional in technique," as a comparison with a Hogarth will show. Sir Alfred Munnings, renowned for his paintings of horses, includes two more racecourse scenes among his works which are exhibited this year—"A Winner at Epsom" and "Lining Up Under Starter's Orders, Newmarket."

"CLIVEDEN PLACE" by EDWARD CALLAM: The pale spring green of a lone tree which harmonises with lilac-tinted stucco, is flouted by a scarlet, defiant, telephone kiosk.

"CHRIST AT COOKHAM REGATTA SERIES, NO. 3—LISTENING FROM PUNTS, 1954" by STANLEY SPENCER, R.A.: This, together with "Girls Listening, 1953," is part of the vast composition on which the artist has been working for some years. Mr. Spencer portrays Christ speaking to the pleasure-seeking regatta crowds.

Chirico, said: "Think of the effect of a statue in a living-room, *in a real armchair* or leaning at *a real window* —especially if its feet are not on a pedestal but quite simply on the carpet." It is something of this effect that Mr. Harpley has captured here (though the chair is not alas! a real one but also in cement). The top half of this engaging sculpture is, as sculptors say, rather "small" and "worried"; but the heavy fall of the skirt and the inward turn of the right ankle are admirably evocative of the dominant idea and feeling.

We are brought also to the atmosphere of a veritable living-room, without elegance and trappings or anything arranged for visitors, in JOHN BRATBY'S *Jean with Marigolds*—a trite, genteel Royal Academy title, but a grubby, anything-but-genteel and passionately painted picture. The composition, looking down on a table with miscellaneous "eats," cereal cartons, cups and dishes, and a figure at the far corner, recalls a well-known picture by Bonnard at the Tate, and the handling follows the early manner of Van Gogh. But it is, none the less, a personal achievement by an artist who is still quite young, and now abroad with a travelling scholarship. With this picture he makes a striking debut on these walls.

Postponing contact with the main bulk of the Academy's exhibits, I always begin there by a patient search for those quiet pieces, generally of small size, which one finds in odd corners, like sparrows or chaffinches in an aviary of parrots and flamingoes. Since I am much interested in the craft of painting, I seek out pictures which have qualities of tone and texture, and relations of form and colour suggested by—but not necessarily inherent in—the people, the scene, or the objects represented.

I found one such picture this year just round the corner by the turnstile, *Anna Reading*, by HUGH CRONYN. And others included *Mother and Baby*, by CHARLES BARTLETT, *Mother and Child*, by BERTHA JAMES and STELLA STEYN'S more decorative *Adaptation from the Villa dei Misteri*. Miss Steyn's career has shown excursions into several fields. She began with witty lithographs of French crowds—a fair in a village street where the butcher danced with the baker's daughter under limes hung with little tricolor flags from tree to tree; or scenes with querulous invalids beneath palm trees in the South. She then illustrated some writings by James Joyce; and she now paints pictures where the soft neo-classicism of Picasso's "Pink" period nostalgically sighs for the harmony and measure that, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the Glory that was Greece and Rome.

I also found myself returning to EDWARD CALLAM'S *Cliveden Place*, where the pale spring green of a lone tree makes a wistful harmony with lilac-tinted stucco, and is flouted by a scarlet telephone kiosk defiant and unpunished in the foreground.

Continued on following pages

"JACK ARIS AND FAMILY" by A. R. THOMSON, R.A. : One of the large number of "conversation pieces," which are increasingly in vogue. The conversation piece purports to be painted as a single impression in the sitters' home. Here the family is seen in the music-room.

Above, left—
"PENELOPE, WIFE OF MICHAEL HUGHES-HALLETT, ESQ., AND HER CHILDREN" by JOHN WHEATLEY, A.R.A. : Of this "pyramidal group," Mr. Wilenski writes : "I wish that Mr. Wheatley had given the whole family red hair."

On left—
"BOURLET" by JOHN COLE : A painting of the premises of James Bourlet and Sons, Fine Art Agents, in Marylebone. It is one of an unusual number of London street scenes exhibited this year.

Above, right—
"BOTTLESCAPE, c. 1925" by SIR WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, HON. R.A. : The Honorary Academician Extraordinary suggests the genial host in this still-life. Another work exhibited by Sir Winston this year is "Sunset at Roehampton, 1919."

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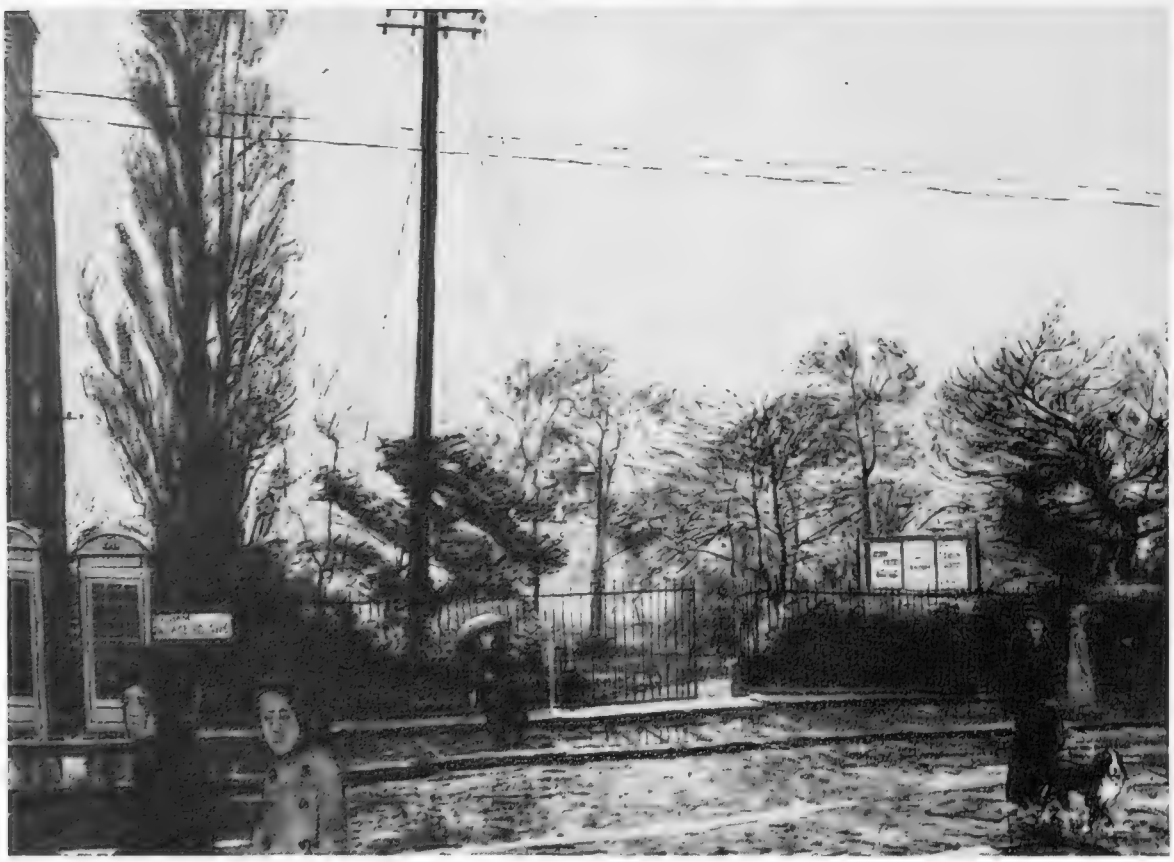

"WET" by CAREL WEIGHT, A.R.A. : This picture of the Fulham Palace Road is one of a growing number of paintings of the London scene in the Exhibition. This increase is said to be due to the influence of Mr. Weight, who is a newly-elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and who is Professor at the Royal College of Art.

"HENRY ARNOLD, ESQ." by RUSKIN SPEAR, R.A. : Other portraits exhibited by Mr. Spear are of Nevile Wallis, the art critic, and "Mr. Marsh," a diploma work.

(*Continued from previous page*)

Among the pictures by the famous Academicians I commend to you AUGUSTUS JOHN'S *Gloriana* (a Chantrey purchase), where a black-and-gold Victorian tea-tray and some vellum-bound books make a handsome sombre setting for the blue-purple blooms. I also commend *Ascot Postillion on Bay Leaders*, by SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, smaller than his other exhibits, but surely much the best of them. It is truly traditional in technique as you will see if you look again some day at Hogarth's *Arrest of the Rake in S. James' Street*, in the Soane Museum.

The pictures of people include many male notables—*Lord Hailey, Lord Hurcomb, Lord Woolton, Lord Mackintosh of Halifax, Pandit Nehru, Sir Gordon Richards*, and so on ; the features of the excellent illustrator *Barnett Freedman* and of the critic *Nevile Wallis* are also more or less recorded ; and RUSKIN SPEAR shows *Henry Arnold, Esq.* with his hands folded on his stomach (like the *Strawberry Girl*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds).

"FLOOD W[illegible]IER" by RICHARD EURICH, R.A.: Once again this forceful artist, an R.A. since [illegible]53, presents the Academy with some of its "problem pictures." Here a he[illegible]pter and a modern battleship share the canvas with a four-master.

"THE WHITE PETTICOAT" by ROBERT GREENHAM: One of the specialities of Mr. Greenham has been the portraiture of film stars. His paintings of Anna Sten, Elisabeth Bergner and Greta Garbo have been exhibited at the Academy.

"GIRL IN A CHAIR" by SYDNEY C. HARPLEY: This sculpture in *ciment fondu* is placed by itself in one of the picture galleries in Burlington House. By thus removing it from the exhibition atmosphere, the simple life-sized figure gains in effect.

But the chief interest of this section is the number of group-portraits and family scenes which continue the tradition known as the "Conversation" picture. The group portrait, as we saw last winter in Burlington House, had a heyday in the eighteenth century. But it goes back to much earlier periods. We find it, for instance, in Holland in the fifteenth century when the Brothers of St. John briefed a Haarlem artist to put all their portraits in a picture called *The Burning of the Bones of St. John the Baptist*, and to show some of them receiving rescued bones as relics for their chapel. In Amsterdam I once came upon a family group of 1563 where a lady and gentleman were painted with their twenty children round the dinner-table, the boys in descending scale on one side and the girls, likewise graduated, on the other.

And thence we move to the swashbuckling para-military feasters painted by Frans Hals, and to Rembrandt's sober Syndics. And so to the bourgeois groups by Devis, Zoffany and Hogarth, and those interiors with Georgian silver, Chippendale chairs, tea-cups and violas-da-gamba that lead directly to the Academy interiors with English families, caught, the artist asks us to believe, without premeditation or arrangement in their homes.

For that is the essence of the "Conversation" picture. To produce the standard portraits of notables the sitter has to "look pleasant" on the studio throne-chair on two mornings a week for a month or more; there is no pretence that the result is achieved by any spontaneous procedure. But the "Conversation" piece purports to be painted as a single impression in the sitters' home; it has to be put together by the artist to convey that impression; and parts of it, at any rate, must, in fact, be studied on the spot.

This year A. R. THOMSON takes us to a music-room inhabited by *Jack Aris and Family* who are all at pains to tell us that they are just at home and not sitting for their portraits. CLAUDE HARRISON shows us *The Yorke Family at Steyning*; NORMAN HEPPLE *Lord and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley and their Children, Penshurst Place*; MISS A. K. BROWNING a gentleman and three ladies in a sunlit room at *Charleston Manor*. RODRIGO MOYNIHAN in a huge canvas with life-size figures called *After the Conference: The Penguin Editors*, is all out to persuade us that he happened to drop in at this publisher's office when the staff was standing aimlessly about like that.

On the whole the group portrait I like best this year is JOHN WHEATLEY'S *Penelope, Wife of Michael Hughes-Hallett, Esq., and her Children*, which is not a "Conversation" piece but a pyramidal group of some formal elegance. But just as I wish that the artist of *Cliveden Place* had taken poetic licence with the colour of the telephone kiosk, so here I wish that Mr. Wheatley had given the whole family red hair. In a book, you know, the dominating artist would have said "My colour scheme is built round the colour of Madam's hair; I can't spoil it by the accident that two of the children are just blond." And in the book, at any rate, the family would have felt sufficiently rewarded when the daring colour scheme was proclaimed "the picture of the year."

(Concluded on following pages)

"DIEPPE: SUMMER" by COSMO CLARK, A.R.A.: Among the six pictures by the artist exhibited this year is another summer scene in France, "Street in Compiègne." Once again Mr. Clark has also depicted the London scene, including "The Thames at Night from Blackfriars Bridge" and "The Mall, Early Morning: Winter."

"THE FIRST BALL DRESS" by L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.: Another genre painting in the well-known style of the artist who, at the age of eighty, has exhibited three pictures in the Academy this year. Mr. Campbell Taylor is now a Senior Academician, having been elected R.A. in 1931 and an Associate eight years earlier.

On left—"BARNETT FREEDMAN, C.B.E." by ROBERT BUHLER, A.R.A.: This painting of the well-known illustrator is one of four portraits by Mr. Buhler which are shown at Burlington House. *Above*—"SIR GERALD KELLY, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A." by MAURICE LAMBERT, R.A.: A bronze bust of last year's President of the Royal Academy.

"ANNA READING" by HUGH CRONYN: One of the pictures which, Mr. Wilenski says, "have qualities of tone and texture, and relations of form and colour, suggested by—but not necessarily inherent in—the people, the scene or the objects represented."

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(*Concluded from previous page*)

The pictures of places include an unusual number of London street scenes; and this, I am told, may be due to the influence of CAREL WEIGHT, the new Associate who has been a professor at the Royal College for some time. Mr. Weight himself shows *Wet* (Fulham Palace Road) and other examples. There are also paintings of Old Compton Street, Vauxhall Bridge Station, Stamford Bridge (including boys with bicycles), the Wellington Arch, the Tower Bridge, a South Kensington mews, a Beauchamp Place antique shop and an Artists' Colourman's establishment in Chelsea.

When we leave London there are landscapes of all parts of the country from Roehampton (a *Sunset*, by SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL) to Westmorland (*Brough Fells*, by REGINALD BRUNDRIT) and Bembridge, by RODNEY BURN. Thus all who have the topographic instinct may find something that will ring a bell for them. There are pictures, too, of foreign parts with romantic names: Venice, Collioure, Vézelay; and still further afield, RAYMOND COXON takes us to The Grand Canyon, Arizona, and EDWARD WOLFE to Mexico.

In the still-life section SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL suggests the genial host in his *Bottlescape*, which might be more accurately titled Bottle-and-cigar-box-scape. There are peaches that would surely tempt the birds by the new Associate, ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES. A still-life foreground and a landscape through the window are scrupulously painted by JOHN ALDRIDGE. And I much enjoyed the delicate painting of the flowers in *Studio Group with Tobacco Flowers*, by MARGARET THOMAS, and the dexterous lightness and delightful colour in MRS. FISHER PROUT'S *Fruit and Flowers*, which maintains her admirable standards.

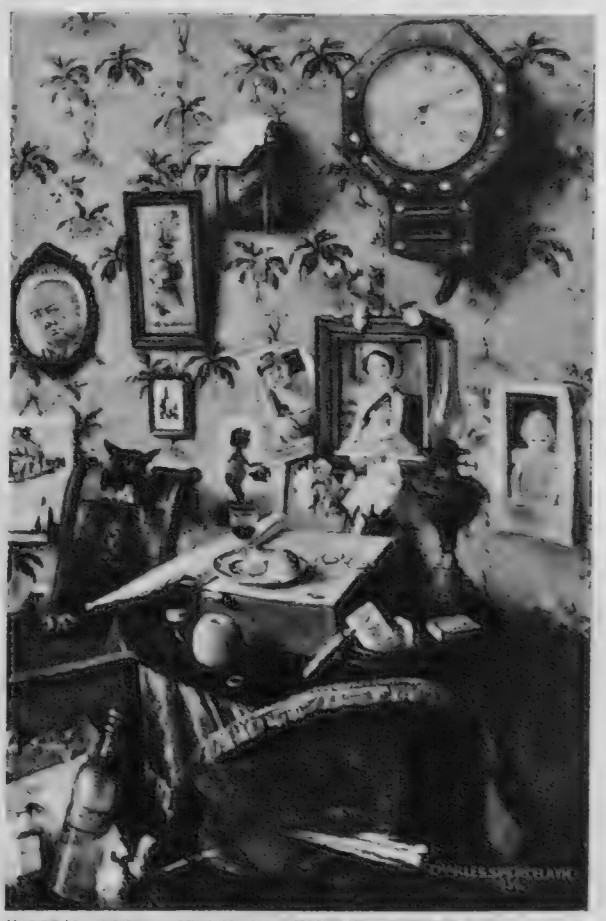
In a large mixed exhibition of this kind we all get some pleasure—whether we are laymen or professionals—in "spotting" this or that artist's style or manner, and thus recognising his work without referring to the catalogue. It makes us feel rather knowledgeable fellows. Many Academicians, indeed, have been reproached for playing-up to this vanity of ours and repeating their pictures or sculptures, with only minor variations, year after year.

But as the pictures reproduced in these pages make clear, no reproach of this kind can be made against JOHN SKEAPING. For he is highly versatile and adventurous. I wrote at the beginning of his moving *Crucifix* in burnt wood; I must, in conclusion, also draw attention to his portrait *Rita Ling*. This is executed in "coiled terra cotta," a process which has been adapted to sculpture by himself and which is used here with much ingenuity and skill. Finally among the drawings you will find not only examples of his skill in a familiar manner, but also an action piece of a *Trotting Horse*, where the animal comes straight towards us with the greatest energy and verve.

"RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS" by STANLEY ANDERSON, R.A.: All six works exhibited by the artist this year are water-colours. Mr. Anderson, who is nearly seventy-one, became R.A. in 1941. He is perhaps best known for his etchings and line engravings, the grounding for which he obtained when he was apprenticed, "much against his will," to his father's business as a heraldic engraver at the age of 15.

On right—

"WINTER TABLE, 1939" by JOHN ALDRIDGE, A.R.A.: A still-life foreground and a landscape through the window are "scrupulously painted." Pictures by Mr. Aldridge which were painted last year, and which are exhibited this summer, include two views of Mallorca.



"GOD'S GOOD GIFTS" by CHARLES SPENCELAYH: As in 1954, so this year Mr. Spencelayh leads the "democratic drift" in genre painting, which has been noticeable in the summer exhibitions of recent years. Two other oil paintings by the artist are in the Academy this year, and all three are hung close together. The others' intriguing titles are "The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil" and "Fingerprints." Mr. Spencelayh, who is in his ninetieth year, has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1892. Apart from his portraits and figure paintings in oils, he is well known for his work as a miniature portrait painter and etcher.

On left—

"CHARLESTON MANOR" by AMY K. BROWNING: In another of the popular "conversation pieces" exhibited this year, Miss Browning depicts a gentleman and three ladies at their ease in the sunlit rooms of the manor.

"WHODUNIT?"

SOME UNSOLVED MURDER MYSTERIES WHICH NEVER WILL BE SOLVED

By JOHN GORE

IN my youth I was a keen criminologist and possessed a fine collection of the "literature" of "real life" crimes and famous trials. Of this youthful activity I am still ashamed, though I gave it up decades ago when I found that it tended to morbidity. I am still a fan of fictional *whodunits*. But these never induce morbidity. I read them without emotion and purely as a recreation of the cross-word kind.

But reading the other day a rehash of the atrocious miscarriage of justice in the case of Oscar Slater, I recalled in memory some of the puzzles in famous trials which were never adequately solved, and I was reminded how intensely I longed, years ago, for a perfect solution to some of them. For that reason I can still increase my regrets for the early death of Josephine Tey, who had already solved satisfactorily for me an ancient double-murder in the Tower and afforded me a workable solution of Eliza Canning's case.

My own selection of only partially-solved murder mysteries are more modern by comparison. They fall within the last 100 years. Madeleine Smith and the Ardlamont case; Constance Kent and Oscar Slater. In the first two, the circumstantial evidence possessed a cumulative power pointing irresistibly to guilt. Both were tried in Scotland, and in each case the "panel" got off scot-free on the middle verdict of *non-proven*. In the last two, the circumstantial evidence had little or no cumulative force, and both defendants were condemned to death and afterwards reprieved to imprisonment. In the first two cases, moreover, *motive* was glaringly obvious (save in one particular, of which hereafter); in the last two, it was vague and affirmatively un-proved. These are paradoxes.

Circumstantial Evidence.—Sometimes the layman is shocked when he realises that not one murderer in a hundred is convicted on direct evidence. Murderers usually work in private. They are condemned by a chain of links of evidence, each one of which may attract a mild suspicion of guilt, but not one of which usually is sufficient in itself to give a jury a reasonable certainty of guilt. But where there are a series of such suspicious links, they build up not, indeed, by mere addition, but by cumulative multiplication into reasonable certainty.

My father, a barrister of great experience and ability, perhaps encouraged my youthful interest in criminology. He was great on the power of circumstantial evidence, and always cited Poe's *Marie Roget* as the *locus classicus* of its working. In his opinion, he considered that certain judges, and especially those who in Edinburgh tried Madeleine and Monson (the Ardlamont panel), did not pay sufficient attention to Poe, but tended to instruct the jury to examine these links separately and *non-cumulatively*.

My father's own exposition of the cumulative force of circumstantial evidence was simple and effective:

"Three articles, a fountain-pen, a pair of scissors and a pencil lying together, are missed in a household. They are all of the commonest kind and not identifiable.

"If an article precisely similar to one of those taken, say, a fountain-pen, were found, shortly after it was missed, in the pocket of a servant who had had access to them, this might evoke a suspicion, but not an assumption, of guilt in a reasonable man. But if articles of all three descriptions were so found on the servant, probably no reasonable man would doubt his guilt. . . .

"Again, a husband dies of poison. His wife has access to the poison used. But, if they were living in harmony and no motive were proved, no reasonable man would on those facts alone assume her guilt. But, if it were proved that she, giving a false name and reason, procured the poison and had arranged to elope with a paramour with a view to marriage, no reasonable man would hesitate long about her guilt. In each case the *possibility* of suicide would be the same, but in the latter the reasonable man would ignore that possibility because the grounds of suspicion against the wife are so strong cumulatively."

Motive.—Motive, of course, is a very important link, if it can be proved. But it is worth noting that it is not necessary for the Prosecution to prove it affirmatively. That "murderers make mistakes" is accepted as broadly true, a comfort for Society and the C.I.D. But a calculated murder is a very different matter to a homicide in a sudden heat of passion.

The calculated murder is coolly planned. The mistake, if made, is made in the *article* of murder or after it. The murderer does not often make a vital mistake in the cool season of planning.

Now, both Madeleine Smith and Monson had an apparently clear motive for doing away with L'Angelier and Cecil Hambrough. Madeleine was tired of her liaison and engaged to marry a respectable man. Monson wanted money very badly and hoped to cash in on an insurance interest of his victim, assigned to Mrs. Monson.

Yes; but neither defendant was altogether a fool. Both were cool and restrained in court. Madeleine knew that L'Angelier's death would achieve the very thing she most dreaded; would bring to light her damning letters to him, which he had refused to return. Monson was a business man, often in touch with lawyers. He must have known that a minor could not validly assign his interest to a third party, and evidence was given that he did know.

It is impossible in the space available to retell these cases. Madeleine was tried 100 years ago, but all who recall her name recollect the chief details in her case. She escaped the net for several not very worthy reasons.

(1) Her youth and beauty, and her demeanour in court, sadly contradicted as soon as she was safe.
(2) Her victim's "caddishness."
(3) The date of a vital letter.
(4) The fact that her victim had shown the same symptoms of arsenic poisoning at a time when it was not *proved* that she possessed arsenic.
(5) The judge's neglect of Poe's "Golden Rule" in his instruction to the jury.

Monson, charged with murdering young Cecil Hambrough, got off for the same reason (5 above), and because the mystery man, Scott or Davis, charged jointly with him, evaded arrest until the trial was over.

No doubt he had been invited by Monson to bolster-up the plea of "accidental" death out shooting and had funked the responsibility. I fancy, also, the jury was impressed by the probability that Monson knew that the assignment must be contested.

Startling Paradoxes.—In the cases of Constance Kent (latterly well retold under the horror-comic title of *Saint with Red Hands?*) and of Oscar Slater, the circumstantial evidence adduced was insufficient to hang a mad dog, yet both were ultimately condemned to death and reprieved to imprisonment.

Constance Kent (The Road House murderess?) may be said never to have had a trial. The evidence was never fully marshalled, never examined. The local magistrates of first instance, bunglers of the first order, on the evidence they *did* hear, found no grounds for committal. It was not until years after, while suspicion had rested on others of the household, that, under the influence of a fanatical priest who inculcated self-sacrifice as the only way to redemption, she made, and obstinately maintained, a confession of guilt, steadfastly refused to plead, and was, on her own plea of guilty, reluctantly sentenced to death in a brief hearing which brought to light none of the still available evidence.

She explained exactly how, as a young girl, she had murdered her infant half-brother. Well and good. But the mystery remains in her case. *It was physically impossible* that she could have gone through the series of actions she described in the manner she averred. The note of interrogation remains in poor Constance's case.

As for Oscar Slater, whose case is perhaps best known to-day of all the four, this remains the *locus classicus* of corrupt police methods and judicial and official prejudice and bungling. He was first suspected of the murder of Miss Gilchrist on a totally false clue, which was never abandoned by the Glasgow police but bolstered up. He was extradited from America on faked and coached identifications, often asserted, denied, withdrawn and reasserted. His own witnesses were persecuted, the outraged public's demands for review were turned by authority into farcical gestures, and he spent eighteen years in prison, to be rewarded at last with a cheque for a few thousand pounds as graciously bestowed as a kick in the pants. No doubt he was a shabby fellow; no doubt on some counts he had already been lucky to escape a prison sentence. On the charge of murdering Miss Gilchrist, there was not enough evidence to hang the devil himself. Could such a horror of injustice occur again? No, quite certainly it could not. But it *did* happen, and it happened to Adolf Beck and to Dreyfus, and many more.

Physical Impossibility.—In Slater's case, as in Constance Kent's, on the evidence adduced by the prosecution, it was *physically impossible* that he could have done the deed as suggested by the prosecution. When and where could he have got the two keys which alone could open the complicated defences of the old lady's fortress? If *she*, after spying her visitor, let him in, then he was no stranger to her. The prosecution never suggested that she knew Slater. If Slater had watched the flat for weeks before, he would have known that he had a bare ten minutes (while the maid, Lambie, fetched the habitual evening paper) to do the whole job. If he was a jewel thief, why did he spend the unforgiving minutes looking only for documents, when valuable jewellery was scattered about? If Lambie, on her return, did not recognise him as he came coolly out of the flat, why did she not challenge him? She was not alone. If, on the other hand, she said at the time that she recognised the man as A.B., known to Miss Gilchrist, why was that evidence suppressed? And, finally, why was he convicted of inflicting with a child's toy hammer injuries which only a bludgeon or heavy chair-leg could, on medical evidence, have inflicted?

The murderer of Miss Gilchrist took his secret to hell, and it is unlikely that he was Slater, who was certainly not a saint, but as certainly was a martyr through the long and obstinate failure of British justice. For it is the very first principle of British justice that, if Satan himself be put in the dock on indictment of murdering a named person on a given date, he is as fully entitled as Galahad to acquittal, if the prosecution's evidence has patently weak links, to the attention of which the judge has a prime duty to direct the jury; if, in short, the circumstantial evidence still lacks convincing force, after cumulative assessment.

I do not think we needed at any time to shed our tears over Madeleine or Monson's judicial fate. If their motives were suspect, so was their innocence. The circumstantial evidence was otherwise cast-iron. They were lucky to be tried in Scotland.

For Constance Kent and for Slater, our hearts may still bleed as they bleed when we remember Beck, Dreyfus and Co. Jealousy and greed *may* have been inherent in them respectively, but neither of them received a fair trial.

But our pity and horror over their fate curiously underlines human inconsistency and myopia. An accident in our street always impresses us more than a holocaust 2,000 miles away. Since the last of our four "victims" died, I suppose 2,000,000 or more innocent people have been the victims of injustice compared with which *their* experiences were but a pale shadow, a mild lapse from conventional humanity. But we continue to strain at our gnats and to swallow untasted the prison camps and the gas-chambers and all the camels of mass-murder and injustice.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico? Rather, one more example of the contradictory nature of truisms and old saws.

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA ELECT A NEW LIEUTENANT

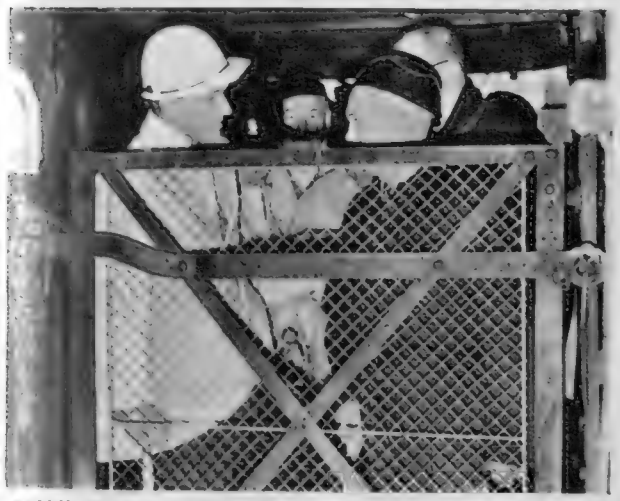
THE ELECTORS ASSEMBLE IN ROME: The Knights of Malta meet at the priory of the Sovereign and Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Rhodes and Malta, on the Aventine, in Rome, to elect a new Lieutenant of the Order. They chose Frà Ernesto Paternó Castello di Carcaci, a Sicilian nobleman, who is seen (on left of the picture *on right*) with the Grand Prior of Rome, Cardinal Canali. He is the first properly elected head of the Order since the death of the last Grand Master in 1952. This situation arose through a dispute between the Order and the Curia of the Holy See.

MINERS SING FOR THE DUKE : The Fernhill Colliery Choir is singing its welcome at the pithead in the Rhondda Valley of Wales. The Duke is in his old naval working rig, which he wore for his tour underground. He had earlier been given another great Welsh welcome in Ystrad Rhondda, where he presented the Charter of Incorporation to the new Borough of Rhondda.

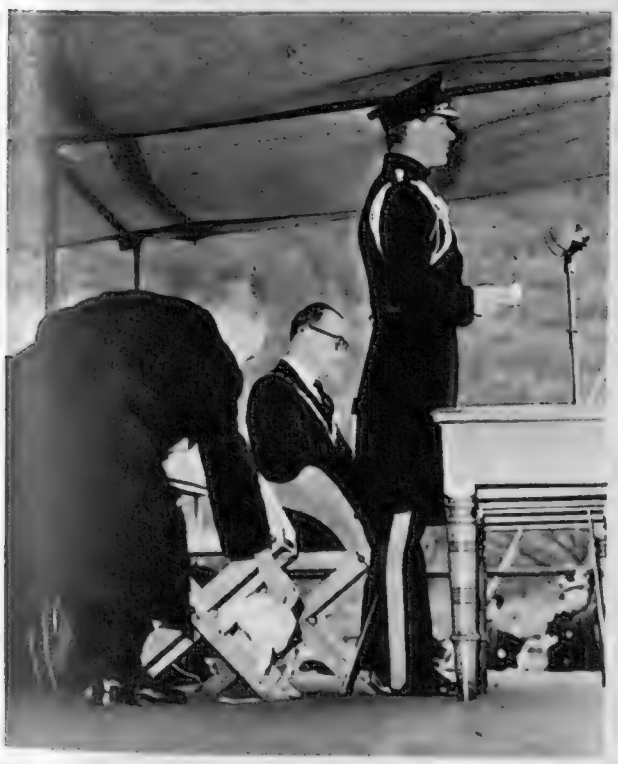
THE DUKE GOES DOWN A MINE

He Visits a Colliery in South Wales and Presents the Borough Charter to Rhondda

The people of the mining valley of the Rhondda, in South Wales, gave the Duke of Edinburgh a tremendous welcome. He arrived at Porth by train and drove to Ystrad Rhondda. There he presented, on behalf of the Queen, the Charter of Incorporation to the new Borough of Rhondda. In handing the charter to the Chairman of the Rhondda Urban District Council, Mr. Ivor Jones, the Duke said that the Rhondda Valley produced "the very best coal to be found anywhere in the world." This coal added enormously to the national prosperity. He continued: "It is indeed hard to compute the contribution which the miners of the Rhondda Valley have made to the power and prosperity of the United Kingdom." He then spoke of how the people of Rhondda had triumphed over the distress and difficulties of the past—to the great admiration of their fellow-countrymen—and were now building a new life in the Valley. His Royal Highness next went to Fernhill Colliery. He arrived in the uniform of the Colonel of the Welsh Guards, which he had worn for the ceremony at Ystrad Rhondda. But, he told the miners, "Don't think I'm going down the pit dressed like this," and went into the pithead baths to change into his old naval working rig. The miners and their families sang for him on the surface. When he was below ground there was more singing and cheering from the miners as he made his tour.



READY TO GO DOWN : The Duke is wearing a white safety helmet and carries the pit official's stick and an electric lamp. Before entering the pit-cage he was "searched" for "contraband" such as matches, lighters or cigarettes.



RHONDDA RECEIVES ITS CHARTER : During the Duke's speech one of his gloves is picked up by the Archbishop of Wales. The Duke is in the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards.

AFTER HIS UNDERGROUND TOUR : The Duke steps from the cage on returning to the surface, after spending over an hour underground. In the mine he had gone the entire length of the coal-face which was being worked. Often he was stooping almost double at points where the head-room was little more than 3 ft.

STATE AID FOR SALTRAM HOUSE

A Historic Devon Home is Given a Government Grant

Among the latest list of thirty-eight historic buildings in Britain which have received grants from the Ministry of Works for repairs and maintenance is Saltram House, near Plymouth, in Devonshire. The house and its principal contents have been offered to the Treasury in part payment of death duties by the executors of the 4th Earl of Morley. They hope that the property will be transferred to the National Trust, who would lease the house to the present Lord Morley for his lifetime.

The most notable rooms in this large Georgian house are the Saloon and Dining-room. Both were decorated by Robert Adam and contain furniture and carpets designed by him. Other rooms, notably the Hall, the small Dining-room and the Velvet Drawing-room, belong to a slightly earlier period and are richly decorated with stucco work, handsome fireplaces and beautiful wood carving. Saltram's collection of paintings contains many by Reynolds. The original Tudor house was replaced in the eighteenth century. When the repairs are finished, the house will be open to the public twice a week.

THE SOUTH FRONT OF SALTRAM HOUSE: This Georgian mansion, near Plymouth, contains fine eighteenth-century decoration. It has received a Ministry of Works grant for essential repairs and for maintenance. It is hoped that eventually the house will be transferred to the National Trust.

THE SMALL DINING-ROOM CEILING : This was formerly the Music Room and the design of the carved plasterwork has a musical theme. The room belongs to a slightly earlier period than the Adam part of the house.

On right—
THE STAIRCASE : It runs from the Hall, which is filled with superb treasures. On the walls of the staircase itself are some of the paintings in Saltram's magnificent art collection. Above it can be seen a corner of the richly carved ceiling.

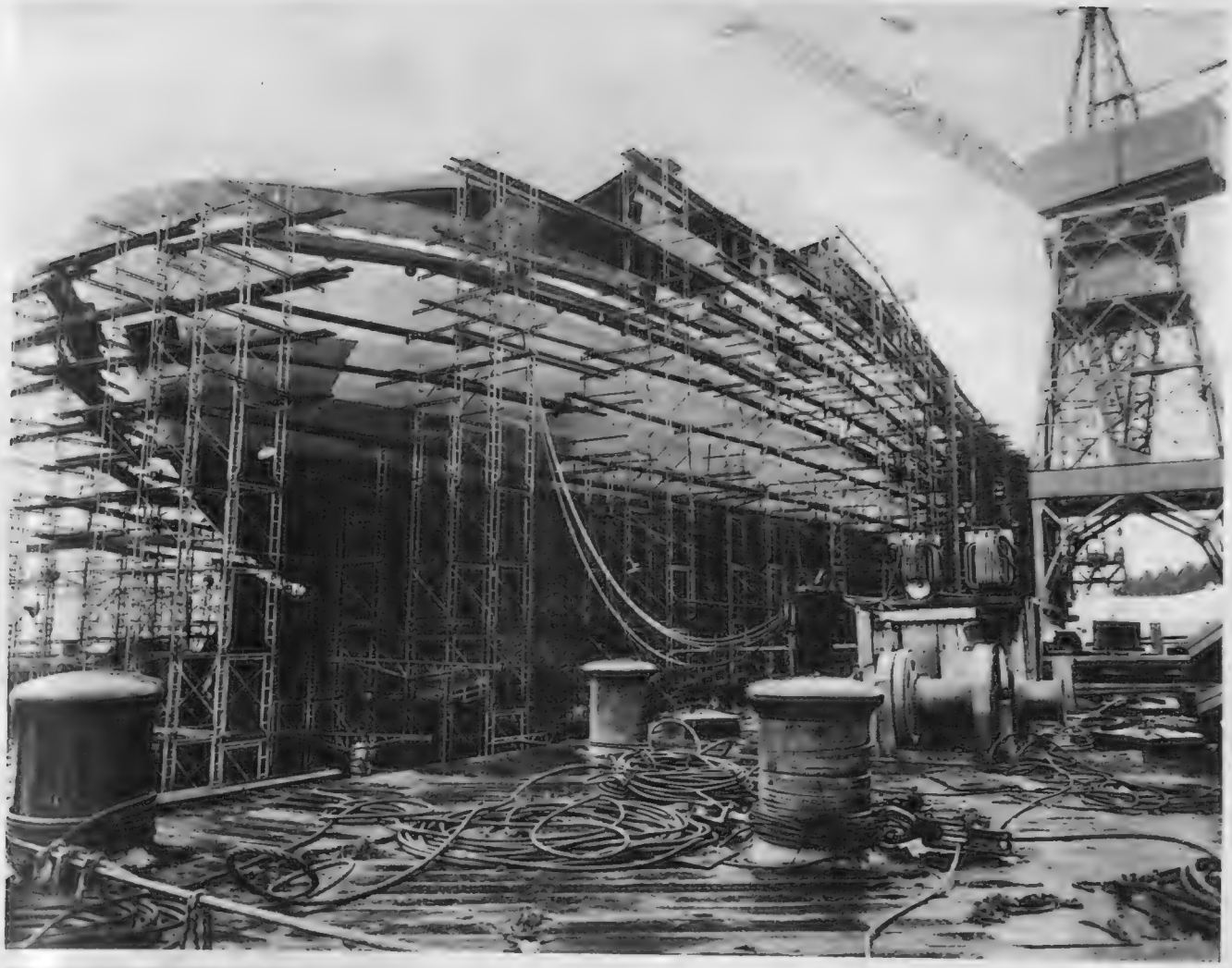
AN ADAM ROOM : The Saloon was decorated by Robert Adam. His first designs were carried out in 1768. Many of his original drawings are still at Saltram, including plans he prepared for enlarging the house. But these were not put into effect.

THE LIBRARY : Some of the paintings here and in other rooms are by Reynolds. Sir Joshua was a friend of an eighteenth-century owner and used to stay here. Originally a Tudor house stood on the site, but now only a few traces remain. The mansion was rebuilt in the eighteenth century.

North of the Border

NEW SHIPS AND PIER REPAIRS

Shipbuilding in Glasgow; Repairs to the North Pier in Aberdeen Harbour



On left—
PROGRESS ON THE BUILDING OF THE NEW "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN": A stern view of the Canadian Pacific Railway's 24,000-ton liner which is taking shape at Fairfield's Shipyard at Govan, Glasgow. The first of two sister-ships to be ordered by C.P.R. for their Britain-to-Canada service, she is to be launched by the Queen on June 22. Her maiden voyage to Montreal is planned for the early summer of 1956. The two ships which are being built for the C.P.R. (the other is being built by Vickers-Armstrongs at their shipyard at Walker, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne) will bring a "new look" to the Canadian service. They will each carry one funnel and one mast, with the decks arranged in echelon fashion. The *Empress of Britain* will have a length of 600 ft. and a service speed of 20 knots. Denny-Brown stabilisers will help to maintain steadiness. Passengers will travel in two classes—150 in first-class and 900 in tourist. A modern domestic touch on board will be the inclusion of a battery of washing machines, driers and ironing rooms for passengers' use. Cost of the new "Empress" liner will be about £5,500,000.

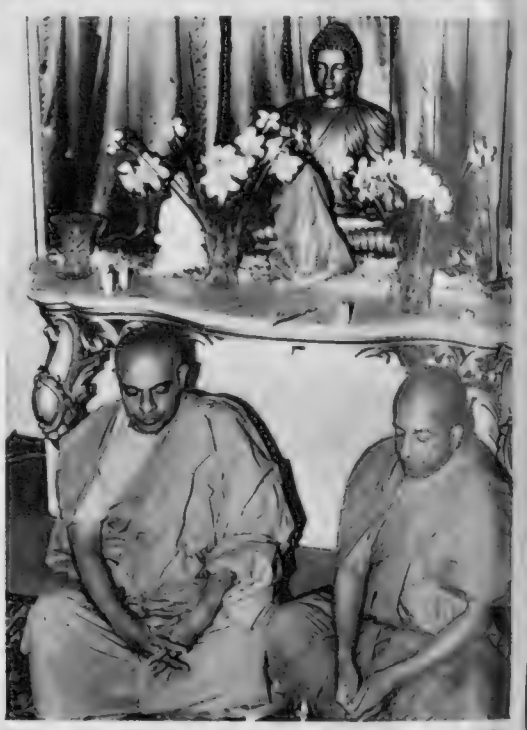
A NEW MOTOR-VESSEL FOR THE LIVERPOOL-BELFAST RUN: The *Ulster Premier* (1,280 tons deadweight), which has been built for the Belfast Steamship Company, is seen after her launching from the yard of A. and J. Inglis, of Pointhouse, Glasgow. The naming ceremony was performed by Viscountess Brookeborough, wife of the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. *Ulster Premier*, a steel shelter-deck motor-vessel, is the second ship launched this year for the owner's Liverpool-Belfast trade. She has a length of 230 ft. and a breadth of 36 ft. The main propulsion is a Clarke "Sulzer" 8-cylinder engine developing 1,440 b.h.p., with a speed of 12 knots. Decca navigator and radar will be installed as navigational aids.

On left—
A DIVER HELPS IN THE UNDERWATER REPAIRS TO ONE OF ABERDEEN'S PIERS: He is being lowered in the navigation channel to carry out repairs to the north pier. *On right*—The flashing light and fog bell on the pier stand close to the site of the present work. Part of the parapet has been cut away to enable the workmen to reach the scene of operations. The repair of the pier is usually undertaken at this time of the year. It is made necessary by the damage inflicted by the heavy seas during the winter. The work takes some time as the divers must have reasonably calm water before they can operate.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

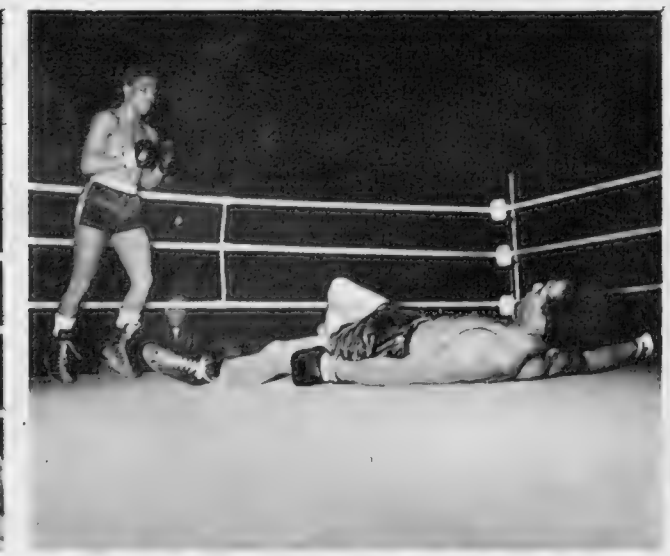
A SURVEY OF LAST WEEK'S EVENTS IN BRITAIN

A CLOSE FINISH TO THE 2,000 GUINEAS AT NEWMARKET: Judges awaited the evidence of the camera before pronouncing Our Babu, seen nearest the rails in this picture, the winner. In second place was Tamerlane, on the extreme left, and the French horse Klairon came third. *On right*—Our Babu, with D. Smith up, is led in after the race. It was not until the last few strides that Smith edged ahead to win the race by a neck. Soon after the start, Gladiador IV, which came fourth, was leading the field, but gave way to Tamerlane at the Bushes. At this time Smith and Our Babu were four lengths behind and when a furlong from the post, had two lengths to make up.



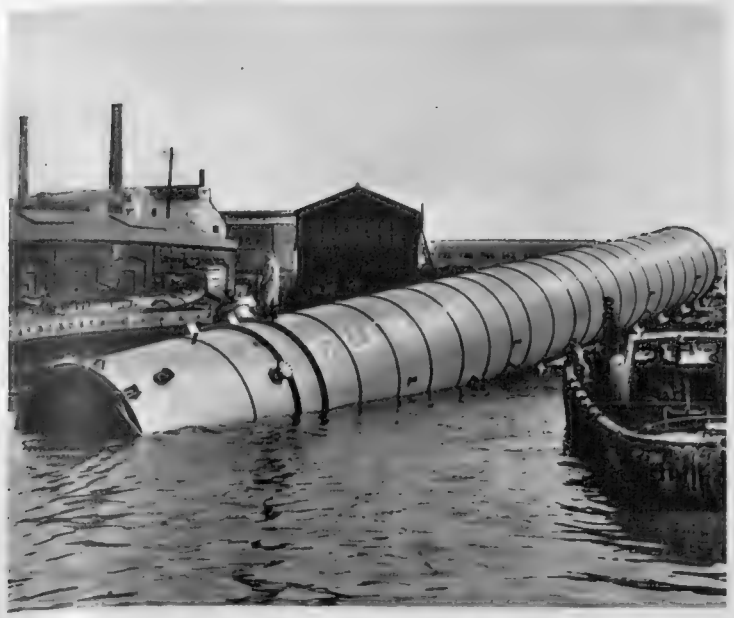
BUDDHIST MONKS IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE: Seen soon after their arrival in this country to join the new Buddhist temple in Knightsbridge are the Ven. Pandit Mirisse Gunasiri Thera, on the left, and the Ven. Kamburugamuwe Mananama Thera, both of whom come from Ceylon. They are dressed in their traditional saffron robes. The two monks travelled from Ceylon in the *Strathnaver* and have joined the Knightsbridge temple in time for the services this week-end to celebrate the 2,498th anniversary of the birth of Buddha.

THE PRELUDE TO EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CHARITY WEEK IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL: After the opening ceremonies, the students marched in a torchlight procession from the Esplanade of the Castle to Calton Hill, where the fireworks display seen here was held. On the left of the picture is Edinburgh's as yet unfinished National monument, and in front of this is a gigantic "set piece" of fireworks which formed a prominent part of the popular display.



TURPIN REGAINS A BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP: Two scenes during the contest between Turpin and Alex Buxton, of Watford, at Harringay last week. *On left*—Turpin avoids a left from Buxton during the first round, and *on right*—Buxton taking a count of nine during the second round. Soon after this a blow from Turpin floored the champion and Turpin was declared winner. The fight was not one of the best examples of the art of boxing and the crowd showed its disapproval.

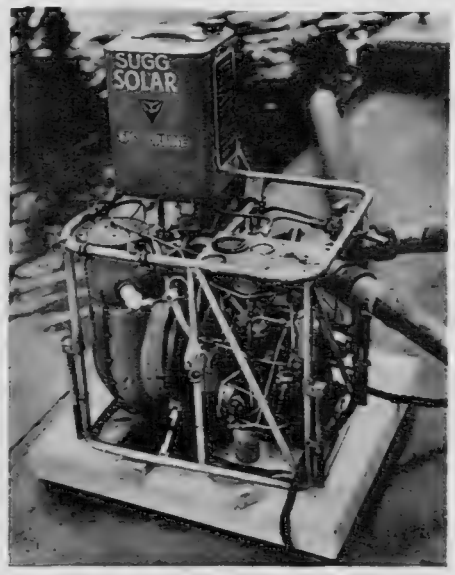
JOHNSON REGAINS THE BRITISH LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE: Joe Lucy, of Stepney, slips during the eighth round of the fight. He was defending his lightweight title against Frank Johnson, a former champion who had forfeited the title when he failed to make the weight. It was a closely-fought contest.



AN UNUSUAL LAUNCHING ON THE THAMES : A 140-ft.-long steel distillation unit enters the water at Greenwich, where it was built for the Forth Chemicals Ltd. plant at Grangemouth, in Scotland, by G. A. Harvey and Company. This column weighs 85 tons and when erected will be as tall as Nelson's Column. Because of the difficulties of carrying such a large structure by road, it was made watertight and is being towed by sea. To ensure buoyancy, the column was filled with compressed air and sealed before the long sea voyage began.

A TUG-BOAT WITH AN UNUSUAL CHARGE : The tug *Krooman* takes the 140-ft. distillation column in tow after the launching. This was the start of the long voyage around the coast to Grangemouth.

FIRE-FIGHTING WITH THE AID OF THE MARS GAS TURBINE ENGINE : A demonstration held on the South Bank of the Thames near Waterloo Bridge of the New Solar turbine. Here it is being used as a fire-fighting pump. A special company has been formed to produce the Mars in Great Britain. The turbine engine has many potential uses in industry and in electronics.



On left—
A NEW LIGHTWEIGHT MULTI-PURPOSE GAS TURBINE ENGINE : The Mars engine, which has been designed and developed by the Solar Aircraft Company of the U.S.A., and which is now to be produced in this country. It weighs less than 100 lb. and occupies only 2 cub. ft. of space. Among the purposes for which it has already been used successfully are fire-fighting (as a pump), generating electricity, and as a ground unit for starting turbo-jet engines in aircraft. It will operate on a variety of fuels, including natural gas and paraffin. It develops up to 75 horse-power and works at a speed of some 40,000 revolutions per minute.

SALVADOR DALI PAINTS SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AS RICHARD III : The surrealist painter, using an elegant silver-topped walking-stick as a wrist-rest, makes his preliminary sketches for a portrait at the Shepperton studios, where Sir Laurence is currently filming *Richard III*.

THE MASSED LAMPS AT THE TOC H. FESTIVAL : In the Albert Hall, London, their bearers are grouped in the form of the Double Cross, which is the part of the Toc H. arms bestowed by the City of Ypres. The lamps are being held towards the Patron's Lamp, which is alone on the dais on the platform in the centre background. Behind it stands the Founder-Padre of Toc H., the Rev. P. B. Clayton, C.H., M.C., D.D.

SHAKESPEARE —HISTORICAL and COMICAL

New Productions at the Old Vic and Stratford-on-Avon

On right—
"HENRY IV" AT THE OLD VIC: Eric Porter (right), as King Henry, is in one of his scenes with Robert Hardy, who plays the part of Prince Hal.

The Old Vic Company gave the first performances, on two successive nights last week, of their new production of *Henry IV, Parts One* and *Two*. The leading characters are played by Eric Porter (The King), Robert Hardy (Prince Hal), Ann Todd (Lady Percy) and John Neville (Hotspur). Douglas Seale was released by the Birmingham Repertory Company to direct these Shakespeare plays, for which scenery and costumes are designed by Audrey Cruddas.

"ALL'S WELL" AT STRATFORD: In the final scene, Michael Denison is second from left. Next are Keith Michell and Jill Dixon. Centre are Joyce Redman and Alan Webb. Rosalind Atkinson is on right.

LADY PERCY AND HOTSPUR: These are the roles Ann Todd and John Neville play in the Old Vic production of *Henry IV*. The Director is Douglas Seale, of the Birmingham "Rep."

All's Well That Ends Well is one of the least performed of Shakespeare's plays. There is good reason for this, for it is not an easy plot to follow, and even with the majestic verse of the world's greatest poet, the credulity of the audience is bound to be strained.

The proof of this is to be found in the fact that, until last week, it had not been performed in Shakespeare's birthplace for twenty years. In the current production at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, Mr. Noel Willman, the producer, has done everything possible to ease the strain and has made the best of a brilliant cast. As Helena, Joyce Redman makes her debut at Stratford. Michael Denison, Rosalind Atkinson, Ralph Michael, Keith Michell, Alan Webb, Edward Atienza and Jill Dixon all contribute magnificently to an interpretation which overcomes, as far as is possible, the difficulties of the play.

Below—
"YOUR GENTLE HANDS LEND US": Michael Denison (Bertram), Joyce Redman (Helena), with, behind, Rosalind Atkinson (the Countess), and, on the right, Alan Webb (the King of France), come to the end of the final scene of *All's Well That Ends Well*.

THE FIRST "ALL'S WELL" IN SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE FOR TWENTY YEARS: *Left*—Rosalind Atkinson, as the Countess, quizzes Edward Atienza (Lavache). *Right*—"He promised me marriage": Jill Dixon, as Diana, and Keith Michell (Parolles) in their famous scene. The producer for this play is Noel Willman, and the dresses and settings have been designed by Mariano Andreu.

SERVICE OCCASIONS

News from the Army and Air Force in England and Scotland

THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT AT TIDWORTH : Queen Elizabeth, who is the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, inspects part of the parade. In civilian clothes near the camera is Major A. B. Sale, and next to him Pioneer Sergeant G. Challender, who is exercising his right to wear a beard. After presenting the Battalion with their new colours the Queen Mother presented Meritorious Service medals to Major Sale and Sergeant Challender.

ROYALTY LIKES THE HELICOPTER : The Queen Mother steps from the S-51 helicopter in which she travelled to Assaye Barracks, Tidworth, to present new colours to the 1st Battalion the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment. There were more than 250 officers and men on parade and the ceremony was watched by some 1,500 people.

THE FREEDOM OF A BERKSHIRE BOROUGH IS BESTOWED ON AN R.A.F. STATION : Officers and men of the R.A.F. Station, Abingdon, march past the Mayor of the Borough who is taking the salute. The town council conferred this honour on the Air Force to strengthen the bond of friendship which has existed between the town and station for the past twenty-five years. Abingdon R.A.F. Station, one of the main airfields of Transport Command, now becomes the first operational flying station to be honoured in this way.

CEREMONY AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS : The Duke of Gloucester is seen taking the salute as the 1st Battalion Scots Guards march past at Wellington Barracks in London. The Duke, who is Colonel of the Scots Guards, was carrying out his annual inspection.

HOME AFTER THREE YEARS IN THE MIDDLE EAST : Members of the 1st Battalion Sherwood Foresters appear in the best of spirits as their troopship, the *Empire Ken*, docks at Southampton to bring them home. With them is Councillor Sydney Hobson, the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, who was at Southampton to greet the men, the majority of whom come from Nottingham.

On right—

THE BLACK WATCH COME HOME : The troopship *Empire Halladale* is piped into the King George V dock at Glasgow. She was carrying officers and men of the 1st Battalion Black Watch, who have spent three years abroad serving in Korea and Kenya.

NATURAL GAS IN PAKISTAN

A British Firm of Contractors Participates in the Construction of the Sui–Karachi Pipeline

Last month, three weeks ahead of schedule, a natural gas pipeline was completed at a cost of £9,000,000. It runs from Sui, in the north of Pakistan, to Karachi, the country's capital and chief industrial centre. On its route the gas pipeline passes through Sukkur and Hyderabad. In all it is 350 miles long, and only seven months were allowed for its construction. To complete the job in that time, despite delays in the shipping of materials and fierce sandstorms which assailed the working parties, especially towards the end, was a remarkable achievement. The contractors were the British firm of D. and C. and William Press, working in conjunction with the Morrison Knudsen Company of America. Pipeline laying in Pakistan has hitherto been mainly undertaken by American contractors, and British prestige has been considerably enhanced by the completion of the Sui line.

The construction of the pipeline was in five stages : first the clearing of the right of way ; then the construction of ditches ; and finally the stringing of the pipes, the welding of the joints, and the back-filling of rock and soil. 43,800 tons of pipe had to be transported, and laid and welded in a continuous line. The route lay across desert and irrigated lands, and included sixty river and canal crossings. At times a rate of four miles a day was achieved, and the average for the whole pipeline was 2½ miles daily.

The order for the project was placed by the Sui Gas Transmission Company, sponsored by the World Bank, the Pakistan Development Corporation, the Commonwealth Development Finance Company, and the Burmah Oil Company.

The gas pipeline will provide fuel for cement and electric power plants. Natural gas can, in addition, be used in many other types of industrial undertakings—in the production of cotton, ceramics and paints ; in metallurgical furnaces and, in fact, in any other industrial plant requiring heat or power. In the domestic sphere, it can be used for space heating, steam raising, refrigeration, and similar forms of heating. It should be cleaner in use and more economical than coal gas, and it is also non-toxic. Another use of natural gas is in the manufacture of super-phosphate, an adjunct to ammonium sulphate, valuable as an agricultural fertiliser.

It is expected that 74,000,000 cu. ft. of gas will be delivered daily. The substitution of natural gas should save the equivalent in foreign exchange of about £3,240,000 annually during the first stage, and some £8,500,000 when at full load.

CROSSING A CANAL ON THE WAY TO KARACHI : A Bailey pontoon raft was used to take equipment across the Khairpur Feeder East Canal near Sukkur.

CLEARING THE RIGHT OF WAY : This was one of the first tasks in the construction of the pipeline. Here a bulldozer is seen at work on the banks of the Sind Wah Canal, 20 miles north of Sukkur.

THE PIPES ARRIVE IN KARACHI : Some of the 43,800 tons of pipe used in the building of the pipeline are being loaded from ship to railway at Karachi West Wharf.

WELDING THE PIPES : The pipeline is 350 miles long, and runs through desert and irrigated farmland from Sui, in the north of Pakistan, to the capital, Karachi.

THE PIPELINE CROSSES THE INDUS : A view of Lloyd Barrage across the great river at Sukkur. The pipes are carried within the top flight of arches.

PROGRESS ALONG THE ROUTE : Lengths of pipe are waiting to be welded at one of the points along the Sui–Karachi pipeline. They are first placed on skids. Behind the tractor is the lorry which carries the welding machines and their operators.

AT THE END OF THE LINE : A crowd gathers around the last length of pipe near Karachi at the point at which the last joint was to be welded. The pipeline was completed three weeks ahead of schedule, despite heavy sandstorms which hampered the work.

INTERNATIONAL MOTORING

More Cars from a British Factory are Exported to America ; Berlin's Movable Rubber Traffic Signs ; Moscow's New Small Car ; and the Turin Motor Show

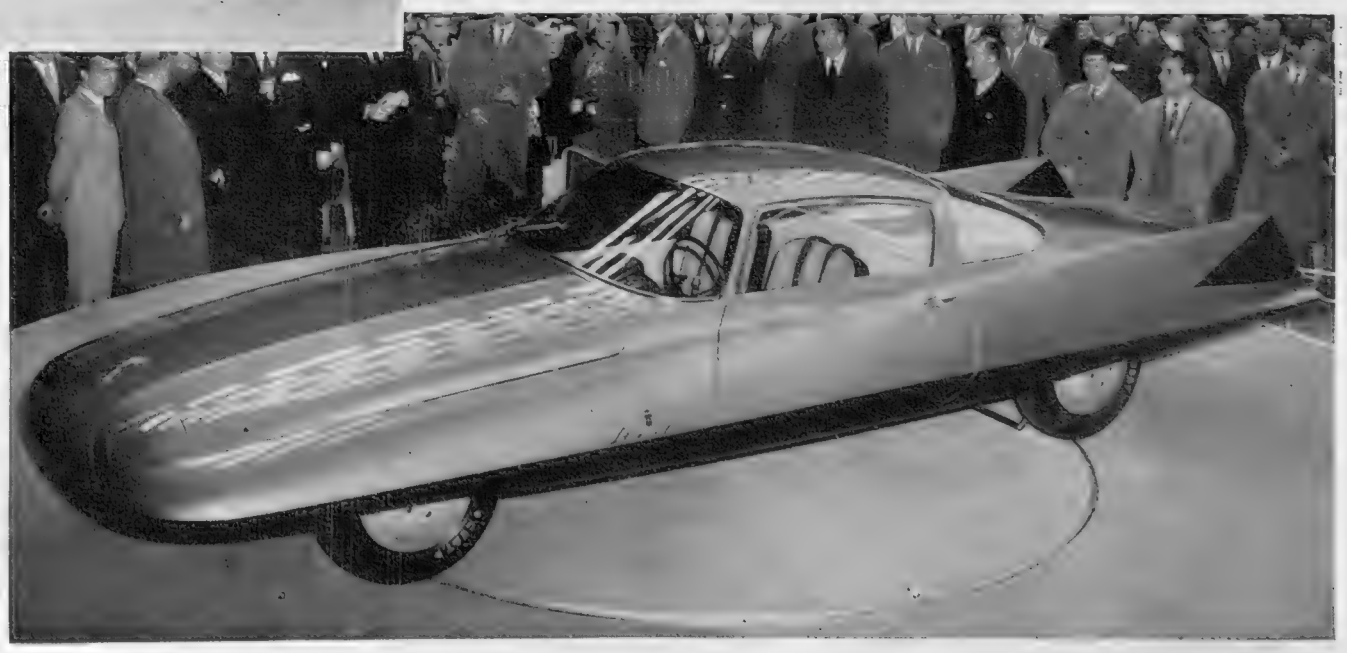
RUBBER CONES ON BERLIN'S ROADS—MOVABLE AND CHEAPER TRAFFIC SIGNS FOR THE GERMAN CAPITAL : These new traffic signs in white rubber have been introduced on one of the boundaries of the British sector of Berlin. Designed in the shape of cones, they are seen, in the picture *on the left*, marking a road boundary. One of the benefits gained from the use of these new markers is that there is very little chance of an accident if a car should collide with one. This is demonstrated in the picture *on right*, where a cone is seen buckling up as a car hits it. When the car moves away the rubber cone springs back into shape.

A NEW SMALL CAR FOR THE RUSSIAN MOTORIST : This is the Moskvich model which has been produced by the "Moscow Midget Car Works." When this picture was taken the car was undergoing factory tests. The new small-size family car has an all-steel body, and is fitted with a heater, radio and draught-proof windows and doors. It is said to be considerably more roomy than previous models. The 35-h.p. engine, it is claimed, gives a top speed of over 60 m.p.h. with full load. It has four doors.

TO PATROL THE STREETS OF PARIS : Making one of its first appearances in the French capital is the new patrol car which has been put in service by the Paris police for traffic policemen. It is equipped with a radio receiver and transmitter.

A FURTHER 20,000,000-DOLLAR ORDER FOR AUSTIN : Nash Metropolitan cars being loaded at the London docks for shipment to U.S.A. after the announcement that Nash had placed a further 20,000,000-dollar order with Austin. The Nash Metropolitan car, which Austin began building a year ago for exclusive shipment to America, has now earned over 14,000,000 dollars for Britain. The design of the car resulted from a nation-wide survey in America by the Nash Kelvinator Corporation. It is composed of Austin A.40 and A.30 mechanical components, and powered by a 1,200-cc. A.40 engine. The first British-built American car, it has two doors, a front seat for two or three adults, a rear cushion for children or parcels, and a large boot. It is built at Longbridge, Birmingham, on a special production line at the rate of several hundred a week. The bodywork is by Fisher and Ludlow.

THE GIULIETTA BERLINA MAKES ITS DEBUT AT THE TURIN MOTOR SHOW : Built by Italy's Alfa Romeo works, this 4-cylinder car is capable of a speed of over 80 m.p.h. The price is approximately £715. Four hundred and fifty exhibitors from fourteen nations took part in the thirty-seventh Turin Motor Show. There were sixty-five different types of cars on show, including eighteen from Britain. The show was opened by the Italian President.



On right—

A CAR OF THE FUTURE ?—A STUDY IN FORM : A glimpse of what might be to-morrow's "dream-car" is shown to the public at the Turin Motor Show. Ghia, of Turin, created this shiny, streamlined model of a super luxury car and called it "Gilda." Unfortunately, it is a model in form only, for no engine has been fitted. Another stand which attracted much attention from the public at the Turin Show was that which displayed the new Fiat "600" family four-seater.

The Sphere of Travel

EXPLORING THE COSTA BRAVA AND THE BALEARICS

Some Practical Information Regarding Holiday Planning in these Increasingly Popular Districts of Spain

By GORDON COOPER

THIS summer, it is expected, will see a record invasion by holidaymakers of many lands to the Costa Brava (the "Rugged Coast" of Catalonia) and to Majorca and Ibiza, in the Balearic Islands. There the Northerner is practically certain of finding sun-drenched shores set amidst romantic scenery and facing on to blue and clear seas. There is, in fact, an absolutely irresistible appeal for those who are in an escapist mood.

At the same time, a recent tour which took me to every resort along the Costa Brava and to the four main islands of the Balearics—Majorca, Ibiza, Minorca and Formentera—has convinced me that some practical and discriminatory advice about holiday conditions in these parts is badly needed for intending visitors. The unprecedented and quite amazing influx of tourists has, for instance, resulted in almost all the hotels in the more popular resorts being already fully booked up until October. Unfortunately, some of the less scrupulous travel agents are packing their clients into accommodation which leaves much to be desired. This can only bring dissatisfaction—for which there is little chance of redress—and which certainly fails to live up to the "blurbs" given in their highly-coloured publicity brochures.

Again, in the case of the Balearics, the local shipping arrangements are often unsatisfactory. I found, for instance, cases of holidaymakers who were stranded in Barcelona, being unable to get transportation to the islands; while in Majorca I met Britons who found they could not get back to the mainland on the dates desired. As their funds did not permit an indefinite stay, such a position, to put it mildly, was distinctly unpleasant. Let me stress, then, the need of making steamship bookings through a reliable travel agent; and be quite sure before leaving home of the exact date of your return journey. "Open" return tickets are a gamble, with the "odds" against you.

Undoubtedly, the most comfortable way of reaching Majorca from Britain is by direct air service, the journey taking about three and a half hours each way. Another suggestion is to travel to Palma by the regular weekly services of the Cie. Navigation Mixte, sailing from both Marseilles and Port-Vendres. There are also air services between Barcelona and Palma (often heavily booked up), Barcelona and Minorca, and Palma and Minorca. Ibiza can only be reached by boat.

Regarding the Costa Brava, your travel agent should be able to advise the best way to reach any desired resort. The air companies, incidentally, maintain special linking motor-coach services between the airport and the main coastal resorts. The smaller places, away from the main road, require a short journey by taxi or bus.

Although the Costa Brava officially extends from Blanes (forty miles north of Barcelona) to Port-Bou, on the French frontier, the truly "rugged" portion ends at Bagur, about a third of the way up the coast. There are, however, some pleasant spots on the less well-known and larger northern sector extending from Bagur. But I would advise that the hotels there are generally in the third category. Sometimes I found these places more congenial than the more pretentious establishments, while their prices are markedly lower. I liked, for instance, the Hotel Ampurias (third category), in the town from which it takes its name. Nearby, there is also excellent bathing.

THE BEACH AT TOSSA DE MAR, WITH THE CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND: In his article Gordon Cooper states that Tossa is the most popular resort on the Costa Brava and a favourite with travel agents because of its hotels.

The most popular resort on the Costa Brava is undoubtedly Tossa de Mar, a favourite with travel agents because it is well supplied with hotels. I can recommend the Hotel Ancora. About half the visitors are from Britain, so it is not a place for those who prefer to escape from their fellow-countrymen for a while.

The only luxury hotel on the Costa Brava is the Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro. This is one of the most perfect hotels in all Europe, and its man-made environment is restful and delectable. However, people with young families may find the Hotel Costa Brava, at Playa de Aro, a little further up the coast, more suitable. Here there are superb beaches. Two other hotels of a similar type which I can recommend are the Condado S. Jorge, just south of Palamos, and the Rocafosca, a mile or so to the north.

The most scenic part of the Costa Brava is probably the short stretch which lies between Calella and Aigua Brava. The former is an idyllic small fishing-port, and its new Hotel San Roc is delightfully situated. But my own particular choice would be Aigua Brava (near Bagur), where there are two of the loveliest little sandy coves I have ever seen. Here, on this jagged coast is a group of white houses on the sea's edge, enclosed by pines, olives and carob trees. And there is the Hotel Aigua Brava, which is so pleasant that little wonder it sees the same people coming back again and again. It is on my own short list of places to which one day I must return. I must advise readers, however, that except possibly in late May, early June and October all accommodation is fully booked up. There are, of course, along the Costa Brava, inns and pensions, and in some places villas and bungalows to be rented.

THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW FROM THE MONASTERY OF SAN SALVADOR ON MAJORCA: It is near Felanitx, a few miles inland on the eastern side of this Mediterranean island.

Crossing the sea to the Balearics, I found Palma, the lovely capital of Majorca, seething with tourists. There has never been a season like it, and local hoteliers mostly reported their rooms were fully booked up until October. However, except for the gregarious and those who like to stay in international hotels, I think most Britons would prefer to escape to some quieter spot along the coast. Even here the hotel vacancies are few and far between, but you could always see what a travel agent has on hand.

On the outskirts of Palma I liked, and had very good reports of, the Hotel Principe Alfonso, which is picturesquely set beside the sea. A little further along the coast, west of Palma, is the Hotel Bendinat at Calvia; it also has a number of delightful bungalows, ideal for a family. To get long stretches of sandy beaches you must, however, go to the east coast of the island. The Hotel Uyal at Pollensa and the Golf Hotel at Alcudia can both be recommended. Then, at Formentor, there is the world-famous Hotel Formentor, a luxury establishment with prices to match. It is beautifully situated amidst woods on a hillside overlooking a bay. It is the only hotel on Majorca which can be regarded as truly fashionable.

My own favourite haunts are along the south-east coast, with the Cala Ratjada as my first choice. In this tiny fishing village is the newly opened Hotel El Castillo, to which I give my three stars. It is run by a pleasant American couple, is most artistically decorated, and has a white sandy beach right under the bedroom windows. Fortunately, at the moment, there are vacancies, but you must apply direct. Fortunately, too, this Majorcan paradise is well away from excursion tours which tend rather to spoil Porto Cristo, further south along the coast. Still, it is a charming spot, and the friendly Hotel Perello (third category) provides an excellent cuisine and comfortable rooms at most reasonable prices. And, for my last choice, there is the Cala d'Or Hotel, situated beside the peaceful cove of the same name. It, also, is rather off the beaten track, but not really difficult to reach.

Now I turn to Ibiza, which when I first visited it a few years ago was a peaceful and delightful spot. But its one resort, San Antonio, has now been popularised by some travel agents, and in consequence it has become rather like an international group centre. Nor is the hotel accommodation at all satisfactory, and the only one I would care to recommend is the newly opened Hotel Tanit.

A much pleasanter spot, in my opinion, in which to stay would be the village of Santa Eulalia del Rio, where there is a remarkable fortress-church, an excellent small restaurant, and the pension Ca's Catala.

Should you only consider staying in Ibiza between boats, then you would find the port of Ibiza the best excursion centre. And for lodging, take my advice and stay at El Corsario in the upper part of the city, in the old town. The building dates back hundreds of years, and from its terrace there is a superb view of the sea and the surrounding countryside. This small establishment is under Swiss management.

Easily reached from Ibiza is the island of Formentera, where there is simple inn accommodation available. There are some fine bathing-beaches.

I have left myself little space in which to deal with Minorca, the Cinderella of the Balearics. Before I went there I was told I was wasting my time and that the island was of no interest at all to tourists. Fortunately, I decided to form my own opinion, and it is a glowing one. I found, indeed, this former British possession to be sheer delight; and even to this day the people retain in their language a number of English words and names.

Never have I seen more spotlessly clean towns and villages. The whole place benefits, too, by being almost untouched by tourist traffic. There are four hotels which I can recommend for a stay: the Xuroy, on Alcaufar Creek—their lobster stew is a dream—the Sevilla, and the Hamilton, the last-named being run by an enterprising Scot and his wife. These three hotels are all fairly close to Port Mahon. At the northern end of the island, just outside Ciudadella, there is the pleasant small Hotel Bahia, with its own sandy cove. You want to be the right sort of person, of course, to go there, for there are no organised amusements, but there is so much of interest throughout Minorca that the traveller can hardly fail to be enchanted—at least I was.

ISLANDS FOR AN UNFORGETTABLE HOLIDAY : *Above*—The highest point on the Isle of Skye is Sgurr nan Gillean (3,167 ft.), in the Cuillin Hills, which are well known to climbers. In the foreground runs the Sligachan River. *On right*—The sands of Tolsta, on the Atlantic seaboard of the Isle of Lewis (Outer Hebrides), are excellent for swimming or sun-bathing.

THE HEBRIDES

Visiting the Islands Off the West Coast of Scotland One has the Same Feelings as on a Trip Abroad

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

The Hebrides, off the West Coast of Scotland, are part of the British Isles. But those who make a trip to this group of islands find themselves in an atmosphere so different that they may well believe they are abroad.

Skye is the nearest to the mainland, only a mile across the water from Kyle of Lochalsh. Skye has everything that the mainland can produce—mountains, lochs, burns, a wild and rocky coastline, high cliffs, sandy bays, open moorlands, and rich woodlands carpeted with bluebells in springtime. It also has that unique range of sharp-peaked mountains known as the Cuillins, much beloved by climbers.

If you are more adventurous, sail across the Minch on a fine modern steamer to Stornoway, on the island of Lewis, an excellent gateway to the Outer Hebrides. Quaint buses will take you to the Butt of Lewis, or to the Callernish Stones, a Hebridean Stonehenge. Further south, still on the same island, lies Tarbert, almost in the shadow of the high hills of Harris. Everywhere you will find Harris Tweed being woven on hand and treadle looms in the crofters' homes, an ancient island industry. You will be charmed by the islanders with their lilting Gaelic voices.

You can go island hopping, on steamers making regular runs. Lochmaddy is the next place southwards on this long chain of islands. It is on North Uist, a lovely island of moorland, lochs and sandy shores. If you want a novelty, you can drive over the sands with a pony and trap at low tide to the next island—Benbecula—where the planes of British European Airways land on a large war-time airfield.

Southwards still lies South Uist, where Flora MacDonald hid Bonnie Prince Charlie in a cave in the hills. From the air there seems to be more water than land on this island, there are so many lochs. They teem with trout, so that this is an island much favoured by fishermen.

Another short hop brings you to Barra, southernmost inhabited island of the Outer Hebrides. This is unique in itself, a little island self-contained in its own way. A few years ago the islanders refused to pay their motor-car licences until the one road round the island was improved. Now it is quite good, all fourteen miles of it. Much of the film *Whisky Galore* was made on Barra, from a true war-time wreck on the island. Many of the "natives" appeared in the film.

Certainly, after a journey through the Hebrides you will return home with the same feelings as when you go abroad. The Hebrides are different and they will provide an unforgettable holiday.

THE GATEWAY TO THE OUTER HEBRIDES : Small craft are crowded against the wall of the inner harbour of Stornoway, in the Isle of Lewis. Those visiting the Outer Isle are almost certain to start their journey by travelling by steamer to Stornoway.

On right—

THE CENTRE OF THE FISHING INDUSTRY : Birds haunt the quay at Stornoway while crates and barrels are filled with fish from the boats. The port of Lewis was founded over 350 years ago and is the centre of the herring fishery. The Tudor-style castle in the background is used for municipal offices.

HEBRIDEAN TRAVEL : A pony and trap jog along the sands at low tide between the islands of North Uist and Benbecula. On the latter island is an airport served by B.E.A.

CATTLE ON SKYE : Shaggy coated, they stand in the glorious scenery of the island. Skye is the nearest of the Hebrides to the mainland of Scotland.

A FAMOUS TWEED IN THE MAKING : In a cottage in Harris, in the south of Lewis, a crofter at her treadle loom spins the initial stages in the making of the world-famous tweed to which this area gives its name.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE TRAGIC ASSAULT ON K2

A Wonderful Story of Endurance, Mountain Genius and Courage; Miss Roth Tells her Story; a Biography of Clara Novello, and "Background to Murder"

THE same year that saw Everest conquered by the British expedition also saw an American assault on K2, the second highest mountain in the world, which ended in tragedy less than 3,000 ft. from the summit, but which helped to lay the basis for the next, and successful, climb by the Italian team the following year. K2 THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN (Collins. 25s.) is an account of the American attempt, by Charles Houston and Robert Bates, the first of whom was indeed the leader of the expedition. It is a wonderful story of endurance, mountain genius and courage and, as one reads it, one feels that it should not be missed by readers, because it is the story of a great failure rather than of a great success. The human element is constant, and it is altogether admirable. Recommended without reservation.

Miss Lillian Roth's autobiography, I'LL CRY TO-MORROW (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.), is as unhappy a human document as I have read for many years, with the splendid exception of its ending.

About twenty years or so ago, Miss Roth was a movie star whose thick, dark hair and pretty pointed face earned her all the clichés of the contemporary fans. Her upbringing had been unhappy and, as a solace, she started to drink, even in the days of her greatest success on the screen, or in cabaret. She became an alcoholic, mentally disturbed, and in the greatest danger as far as the balance of her mind or her body were concerned. To-day she is cured, and this is her story, of a slow, hard climb to health of mind and body. Mr. Mike Connolly and Mr. Gerold Frank have helped Miss Roth with the writing of her story, which has all the electricity of a shock treatment and, if it reads very like a tract, has an excellent reason for doing so.

CLARA NOVELLO (Bles. 18s.) is a biography of an exceptional woman who was a singer of note, the wife of an Italian nobleman, the friend and protégé of European royalty and of musicians, but almost as remarkable for the ninety-year span of her life, which extended from 1818 to 1908, and which, because of her connections, allowed her to speak with equal familiarity of Mendelssohn and Wagner, Chopin and Liszt. Miss Averil Mackenzie-Grieve has written her story with a suitably lively grace, a little carelessly sometimes, but with an evident pleasure in her subject, and that kind of relish which is always attractive to the reader.

As a child Clara Novello had loved Charles Lamb; as a woman she had known Florence Nightingale, who had a great admiration for her; and not until the age of seventy-five did she prepare, with characteristic competence and lack of sentimentality, for old age. Her life spanned many epochs, in music as in politics, and the author has sketched them in with a nice sense of proportion, just as she has presented her principal character's life with objectivity, with humour and with affection.

Mr. Nigel Morland, a writer of murder mysteries in his own right, has made a collection of studies of famous criminal cases, in the light of the evidence at the time, and his own considered opinions. BACKGROUND TO MURDER (Werner Laurie. 15s.) reads well, because it is written plainly and unsensationally. There may be people to disagree with some of his findings and his blunt pronouncements, but there is no doubt that Mr. Morland has all the air of authoritativeness. His chapter on the case of William Wallace, for instance, shows not only immense ingenuity in the reconstruction of a crime, but gives a sound theory, well worth serious consideration, as to Wallace's guilt or innocence. He was a quiet little man who was tried some twenty-odd years ago for the particularly brutal murder of his wife. He was found guilty, but the sentence was quashed on appeal, and he went back to his insignificant place in an insurance office, to die two years later.

Mr. Morland feels as strongly about this case as about the other five he discusses here; in fact, outspokenness that is not quite didacticism is one of the attractions of his crisp style. His discussion of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt or innocence, for instance, is straightforward in its implications, and he shows to the satisfaction of one reader at least, that the conduct of the trial was of a kind that might happen in 1889, but would be impossible, happily, in 1955. I found the whole book excellent reading, and recommend it to everyone who has a dash of the amateur criminologist in his—or her—make-up. I believe there are thousands of us.

I suppose that the most persuasive taxi-driver on record must be the one in Perth, Western Australia, who convinced Mrs. Monica Hill and her husband, on their arrival there from Malaya, that the best, in fact the *only* way to see Australia properly, was to drive across it in his by no means juvenile taxi. They set off together on the journey of 2,500 miles, quite a remarkable assertion of faith in itself, and arrived at Adelaide under, so to speak, their own steam, and that seems to me even more remarkable.

On their way the Hills, the taxi-driver and the taxi-driver's wife (an unexpected addition) appear to have kept open minds, enquiring natures and an admirable level of equanimity. LAND NEAREST THE STARS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is good fun to read, and, besides being what the cliché experts would certainly call a mine of information, is a very engaging record of a very unconventional trip.

A NEW ROOM AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: Part of the collection of English post-Reformation sculpture, to which many additions have been made since the war is now on show in Room 63. Hitherto there had only been a temporary arrangement. One of the most imposing exhibits is a recent acquisition. It is a carved marble fireplace, with a towering overmantel in wood and plaster. Dating from about 1750, it is one of a pair which were in Northumberland House, in the Strand. The busts include some seventeenth-century effigies of Charles I (seen on the left). On the right of the picture is an early eighteenth-century wooden effigy.

Two novels, translated from the French, are, in my opinion, the pick of this week's bunch. The first, LAST INNOCENCE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), is by Mlle. Celia Bertin, a young and brilliant writer whose work has already won a noted literary prize. The story is of a family, closely knit, but allied more by hatred than by love. The central figure is, paradoxically, a man who is dead: a modern poet of considerable renown. Throughout the pages of this novel it is care for his reputation, jealousy of his love-life, preservation of his legend and the frustrated affection of his children which activate the plot.

The mother, at first glance, would seem to be the inspiration of the author's theme, for she is its moving and dæmonic spirit. Her husband had had a love apart from herself to which she had hounded him until he died of a broken heart. One of her daughters kills herself, while still a child, through the misery of the situation, another takes her life later because of the mother's driving insistence on a husband's unfaithfulness; the son is both furtive and apathetic, and the youngest daughter chooses a perverted life for many years, rather than reproduce in any way her mother's pattern.

With all this, it should be a miserable recital. The fact that it is not, and that it does not leave the reader in a state of complete depression, is due to Mlle. Bertin's style, her fantastically acute eye and ear for human relationships, her power for conveying physical and climatic atmospheres and, quite surprisingly, her flashes of wit. This is far from being a comfortable book, but it is a compelling story, and one which reveals an unusual talent, not in the sense of eccentricity, but because one so young has seen and imagined so much. The admirable translation is by Marjorie Deans.

THE FUGITIVE (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.) is M. Jean Hougron's novel, translated by Mr. Mervyn Savill, and also a French prize-winner, about a young man who leaves France to take up a small job in Indo-China and is persuaded to smuggle out an important sum of dollars with him. He is robbed in the ship, attacked soon after landing, and in a panic of terror escapes with an Annamite girl to a swamp village. There his relative security is menaced by a number of factors: by the persistent raids of the Viet-minh, by a starvation diet and, as much as anything else, by the fatalistic attitude of the few other survivors in the decimated population.

There is real and perceptive imagination here, in the dialogue as in the situations, and M. Hougron's grasp of the political overtones and undertones is expressed with the subtlety and comprehension of a born writer.

Among the best of the other novels there is one by an American author, Mr. Stanley Kauffmann, who writes in a now familiar idiom of educated toughness, or intellectual lowbrowness, about a young professor who leaves his academic work to take a post as super-salesman in a New York firm of watch-sellers. It is typical of the author's insistence on the theme of compromise that the business is not that of watch-makers, but an organisation which buys the works, the cases, the straps and the buckles from as many manufacturers, and after assembling them, contrives to sell them through a campaign of high-pressure personal contacts. A CHANGE OF CLIMATE (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) also allows for a love-story or two, some good descriptions of Miami and Manhattan party-going, and a quantity of not altogether original philosophising. But if readability is a test or an augury for a novel's success, then this one has a very real chance.

THE WILL TO LIVE

An Ethnographer in Arctic Canada

In the spring of 1928 Cornelius Osgood penetrated the cold and desolate hinterland of the Great Bear Lake in Northern Canada. This was a long time before the discovery of pitchblende in this area put it on the map as a source of raw material for nuclear energy. Mr. Osgood went there in the role of an ethnographer for the Canadian Government to conduct research into the lesser-known tribes of the Athabaskan Indians, who occupy most of the interior of North-West America. His book is a grand piece of descriptive writing, as economical in its phraseology as it is in the bare simplicity of its title, WINTER (Robert Hale. 18s.).

The immediate rewards of the author's journey for the science of anthropology were negligible, as he admits, but his personal experience in the Far North is quite unforgettable. Mr. Osgood has set down how he mastered the process of learning to stay alive. His daily, even hourly, predicaments, often in themselves unimportant things, add up to a sum total of hard-bought experience. "I have tried to achieve a document," he says in his introduction, "that is as accurate as words can be. If there is also a melody one can hear, so much the better."

In the caves of Altamira, near Santander, in Spain, and in the more recently-discovered Lascaux caves in South-Western France, there are to be seen astonishing examples of Ice Age art. Their special fascination lies in the fact that they give the clue to the way man fought and fended for himself in the days when he was becoming fully human, when he was emerging from the shadows into the full light of history. Professor Herbert Kühn, of the University of Mainz, has collated the known facts. His eminently readable volume ON THE TRACK OF PREHISTORIC MAN (Hutchinson. 21s.) shows how these Ice Age caves have found voices and speak to us glowingly of the remote past. The excellent line drawings and half-tone and colour illustrations are essential to the text. This is a book for general reading, probing one of the world's mysteries—the mystery of our beginning. It is the work of a scholar who has the happy knack of imparting his knowledge in simple fashion.

Stanley Firmin, in his casebook of killers—caught and free—indicates just how many uncaught murderers are in our midst, going about their secret ways and presenting a face to the world that lulls suspicion. John Reginald Halliday Christie was such a one. When the police finally caught up with this macabre murderer of the Notting Hill Gate area, it was no act of brilliant sleuthing that brought Christie to trial, just a chance recognition by an alert policeman, who, after being warned by a passer-by, took a close look at a down-and-out on the Putney embankment. Christie, both in appearance and figure, was the sort of man everyone looks at without actually seeing. That was why he could drift round London undetected amid all the hue and cry. Christie struck at least six times before he was detected.

Haigh was another murderer who long remained unsuspected and at large. Then there was Frederick Charles Field, the Leicester Square murderer, who three years after the event confessed his crime, and then withdrew the confession and was acquitted. After six years of freedom Field again committed a murder, confessed and withdrew his confession, but this time he went to the gallows. MURDERERS IN OUR MIDST (Hutchinson. 16s.) is a most gruesomely absorbing book, throwing the searchlight of enquiry on a particularly disturbing aspect of major crime.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries every town which could contrive a link with the sea turned its face to the waterside. In Britain this was the golden age of coastal shipping, says Hervey Benham, whose delightful volume ONCE UPON A TIDE (Harrap. 18s.) focuses attention upon the East Coast and the ebb and flow of the fortunes of the East Anglian seaport towns. Mr. Benham lives at West Mersea, Essex, and he edits the *Essex County Standard* at Colchester. His deep local interests have given us a book that is rich in historic detail and in sailing lore.

Another volume in much the same vein is J. H. Ingram's THE RIVER TRENT (Cassell. 16s.). The author takes us across the heart of England, from the foothills of the Pennines to the North Sea, following the course of our third longest river. It is a fascinating journey, and Mr. Ingram does not hesitate to digress. For instance, he travels along some of the tributary streams, up the Sow to visit Stafford, and along the Thame to discover Tamford, once capital of the ancient kingdom of Mercia. This is a journey through a land of peace and beauty, on the one hand, and vast industrial developments on the other. The result is a most pleasantly varied book.

The winds as they affect mankind is the theme of E. Aubert de la Rüe's ambitious volume, which has been translated from the French by Madge E. Thompson. MAN AND THE WINDS (Hutchinson. 18s.) goes far beyond the realm of seafaring. It shows how the winds affect nearly every sphere of human activity—agriculture and forestry, building and town planning, sociology and engineering, biology and medicine.

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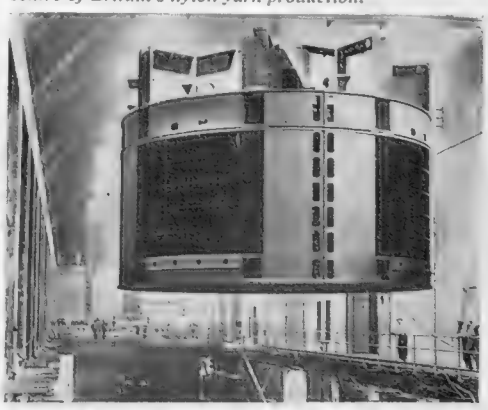

EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS. *The stator of an* ENGLISH ELECTRIC *water-turbine-driven alternator is lowered into position in the underground power station that supplies Canada's new aluminium project.*

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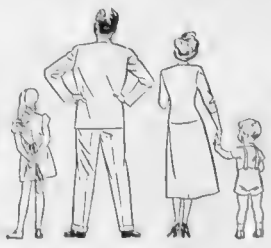

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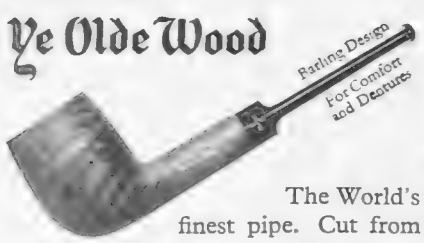

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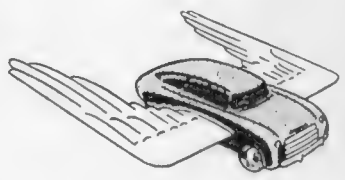

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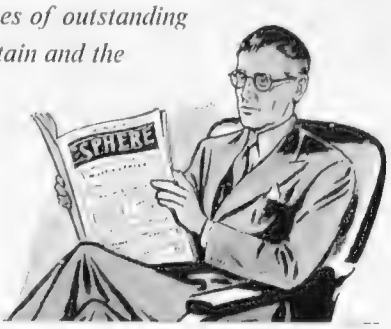

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

WHERE the Cotswold country begins and ends is difficult to define. Certainly the influences on domestic architecture percolates far beyond the counties of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, which have the lion's share of the Cotswolds as viewed by tourists. We witnessed its benign influence on lichen roofs and twisted chimney-pots as we passed through Castle Combe and Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, and on reaching the welcome portals of The Hare and Hounds at Westonbirt, near Tetbury, we knew we had reached the Cotswolds' very heart.

Though an aristocrat among Cotswold hotels it cannot boast of age, yet a sage designed and built it, and every room and corridor—aided by right furnishings—conveyed a sense of gracious living. There was a time when I felt that this Hare and Hounds was running downhill, but since that experienced hotelier Mr. N. V. Price took over the personal direction, its prestige has been very much on the up-grade.

Motorists travelling through Cirencester to Devon and Cornwall would be well advised to take the A433 via Tetbury and Bath, for not only is it a straighter and wider road, but the inviting Hare and Hounds lies on one's line of route. Menus offer a wide choice, are generous and reasonably priced, and should you elect to stay the night you will be more able to appreciate that quiet efficiency which so contributes to one's comfort.

Boreas was in a foul mood as we headed north-eastward for Cirencester, and we were glad to seek the welcoming shelter of the King's Head, which has weathered many centuries. Like too many of our old hostelries it had been allowed to grow old ungracefully, but under the present directorate a major operation of rehabilitation is in progress and the newly-decorated L-shaped dining-room, with its cream papered walls and gay printed linen curtains, was a promising foretaste of what was to follow. Certainly resident director, Mr. E. F. P. Metters, whose efficiency and energy had impressed me previously at Oatlands Park Hotel at Weybridge, and Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth, is not the type to permit any whiskers to grow on Cirencester's King's Head !

There are many who prefer staying outside a town, especially if it is a case of having a holiday centre or headquarters while house-hunting, and for such, Stratton House Hotel, half a mile outside Cirencester, near the fork to Gloucester and Cheltenham, can be thoroughly recommended. For some years it has been under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Ramsay, and well do they understand how to interweave the comforts of an hotel and a home. A solid, creeper-clad house, it is centrally-heated in winter and cool in summer, and though the residential side has been stressed, passing motorists are equally welcome for meals or the night. Incidentally, the Ramsays do know the magnetic attraction of putting on good food and wine.

A seven-mile diversion in an easterly direction from Cirencester brings the "out-of-the-town" lover to another excellent port of call—The Swan, at Bibury. This Swan has a reputation for comfort and good food, and being an Usher House is, as one would expect, extremely well equipped, even to six of its thirty-one bedrooms having private bathrooms, and it is well to telephone ahead of your visit if you hope to spend a night there !

Heading towards Cheltenham our objective for the night was the sixteenth-century country house, Greenway Hotel, Shurdington, which is to be found off the A46 Cheltenham-Stroud-Bath Road. How very, very reluctant we were to move on the next morning, for we find this Greenway becomes better and better on each subsequent visit.

In writing about this hotel it is difficult to refrain from the superlative. I will quote from my notes—"the porter, a born receptionist, brought luggage to our room with geniality, and produced a dainty tea in the minimum of time. *Our bedroom*—deliciously warm and spacious, lights in right places, very comfortable, and private bathroom, complete even to wall heater. *Lounge Hall*—deep-seated armchairs, big open fireplace, antique pieces of furniture glowing in firelight. Lighting so arranged that there is no eyestrain. *Dining-room*—panelled, attractively set out. Dinner perfectly cooked, presented and served."

We could find no fault in this Greenway Hotel. Every detail has been anticipated, and not for a long time have we been so conscious of such smooth running. Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Austen, the resident owners, run The Greenway as a club as well as an hotel. They specialise in a very high standard of catering and attract a large following from Cheltenham and Gloucester. They cannot, therefore, cater for long-term residents . . . but for the transient motorist or for a Cotswold holiday there is bliss indeed.

Next day we rediscovered, for those seeking residential accommodation in the Cotswolds, the "ideal." It is Moor Court Hotel, situated high up on Amberley Common, with magnificent views over the Severn Valley. The not-so-active need warmth above everything, and here on entering we were conscious of an open log-fire, and the even temperature of central heating as we passed along corridors and through various rooms. Moor Court struck us as particularly happily furnished, and we could well understand why some people have settled there and call it home. It should be emphasised, at the same time, that Moor Court is only partially residential, for its situation is such that many are attracted here from a purely holiday standpoint. Minchinhampton Golf Course (18-holes) adjoins the hotel . . . the immediate countryside is admirably suited for hacking and walking . . . and as a centre for Cotswold exploration nowhere could be better. Moor Court is unlicensed, but that should be no deterrent, for how much cheaper it is to bring one's own wine into an hotel than have it brought in for you !

Though time did not permit of us covering the whole of the Cotswold country on this occasion, I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning hotels in this delightful part of England.

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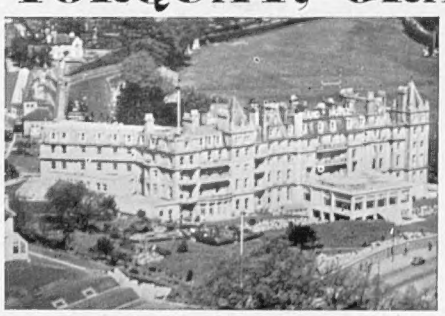
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" Or a double headed Eagle displayed Gules charged on the breast with an Eastern Crown of the first, on a Chief Vert pendent from a chain two oval Medallions in Pale the one bearing arabic characters and the other a dagger in fess the blade wavy the point towards the dexter in relief Or, the said medallions and chain being a representation of a personal decoration called the Order of the Golden Sword conferred upon him by the Chief or King of Atcheen in Sumatra as a remark of the high regard of the said King and in testimony of the good understanding which had been happily established between that Prince and the British Government ; and for a crest out of an Eastern Crown Or a Gryphon's Head Purpure gorged with a collar gemel Gold."

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